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AN APRIL NIGHT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Silent and cold lies the Night's dim gust
Where the moon are unnoticed, and one Star,
And the whisper of streams floats into my dreams,
In the path of the moonlight's frying gleam.

The world is still; but a gentle thrill
Stirs in the soul of my sleeping heart,
And a dim sweet thought, like a silence wrought,
In the silver gleam of the Night's light.

Like a summer dream from the times to be,
Or a memory drawn down back to me,
And the long night hours are crowned with flowers
Born of the summons and nursed by the shower.

In the gardens of Hope, on the dewy slope
That shines to the morning's rosy cope—
The roses of bliss, with the marbles kiss
Crowns the new life with the joy of this!

The joy and pain, entwined with pain,
That thrills the pangs of every vein
But a sudden cloud, like a sudden sigh
Drops over the Night—and the whole is dry.

The stars are dead; their veil is spread
His starry coverage on wide isolation!
The moon is gone, and the night is one
The young moon tempteth the morning gale,

Where shadowy rain their valley and plain
Is lit by the banners of rending rain
The tender beak, in her wearied cheek
Is the sweetest sleep of the night, I keep!

And the wind wields long from deep to deep
Down the universal path of sleep,
Oh, whisper of streams, rest into my dreams
In the wake of the setting moon's pale beams!

Oh, silent hours, call back the flowers
That blooming in dream-land's fairy towers!
But the quiet is broken, they come no more
From the gardens of calm on the further shore!

Like a woman sat, my love, from thee
My thoughts flee on to the Time to be
When the wind's soft trend, to the place of the land,
Shall call me back to my native strand.

When the working rain shall call to rain
Its sweetest song in the night again,
Where wild eyes stay our still dust lies,
To waken and blossom in paradise.

NORWOOD;

OR, VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Henry Ward Beecher, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XII.

PETE SAWKILL.

Pete Sawkill himself deserves a portrait. He was a large fellow, black as night, standing full six feet five in his stockings. "Good for cattle," he used to say. "That's how I wear Satin' hats. I didn't know my height for years and years, for it wasn't safe to undo buckles with I." He derived his name from his strength; and the fact that he was no slave worked in a neighboring sawmill. The boys were telling a story one day of a bear, that, built to scatter lines, while the men were cutting logs in the neighboring woods, wandered into the mill, and seeing Pete alone, made a chase on one log, mounted upon it, and with his back to the saw, began pulling upon the cloth, and devouring the bear. The saw soon advanced upon his tail, that lay behind him, and slipped a hair of two, as white, a-growl! then a sharper pull, and an angrier growl! The third stash cut to the bone, and brought the enraged animal around with a furious hug at the remorseless saw, which soon rolled him off the log, with and teeth in his garments. This story was once told in his presence, and Pete declared that he could hold the saw. And It is said that, getting free a good piece, and wrapping the teeth well, when the water was let on he held the saw so powerfully that it could not get into motion. However that may be, the story was always told of him when his name occurred.

Pete was one of those peculiar natures that are more or less developed in almost all the fire, at marmots do, by burrowing, in the neighborhood of mines, by working in coal, and so forth.

He had a good deal of natural humor, and had little regular use for it. Good nature was constitutional, and laughing may be said to have constituted the greater part of his language. He began his conversation with a "Sound of a Joy, and fully mostly deliquenced into guttural chuckles. When in public days, on trainings, and elections and cattle shows, Pete's discretion in drink had driven him to drink, he was never known to quarrel. He settled down in some corner, and talked and laughed to himself with very much the same sounds which issue from a bunch of hairy animals, as it bobs and splutters.

But these periods were not frequent, and Pete was in demand for such work as required strength. For short spells he would put forth extraordinary strength. "I'd rather have Pete to lay stone-wall with than a yoke of oxen," said farmer Jones, "and as for threshing, he's a perfect machine."

"I love to see him chop wood," said a neighbor. "I think there's a kind of music in the way he swings an axe."

"Well, he's right to. Just take him on a frosty morning, put a good Collax axe in his hand, and then see him lay off his jacket and squat on a big log, and then he lets in on the wood, and the chips fly so fast that it's dangerous to stand in front. When he's down to the heart of the log, the side of his cut is as smooth as if it had been planed. There's not a man in this town can do up a cord of wood as quick as he can, and so the spitting, he has a natural eye for a log, and sees just where the crack will run. Some folks, you know, strike and strike, and turn the log over, and try it this way and that, afore they find out the splitting-vein. But Pete sees it the minute he lays his eye on a stick." I saw him one day when Rose Hadley 'd been wishin' away at a big oak log till he was out of breath, take the axe, and turn the log over, and look at both ends, and then square away and let fly, and the axe went through the log so often, that it fell apart like two boards, and the axe went a rod out of his hands."

"Pete don't know much," said another, "but what he does know comes to him mighty natural."

"I don't know about his bein' so ignorant. His head don't run on books; I don't if he knows his letters. But, I'll be bustherin', I'd rather have him than old Harvey himself. There he has a natural turn for knowin', quality of body else can manage 'em. Pete, somehow, gets in with 'em, as if they was related."

"He's pretty good in a garden, too. Everything lives that he puts out. I'd rather have him set a tree for me than to do it myself. Pete hasn't growed away from natur' so but what he knows what's goin' on in beasts and birds. There ain't his equal on Saltit in three per cent the fish just can, I do believe, and ask him to come."

"He don't take on airs about it, neither, the said stingy. He'd just as soon take you to the best brooks and the best places to eat, but then that's notible. Very like you can't catch a fish. The trout knows when folks are fishin'. They want Pete to catch 'em, not Tom, Dick and Harry."

"You mind that time he caught that trout out of Ridgeley's mill-pond, don't you?—Well, it had been known that there was an awful big fellow livin' in there. And I know a hundred folks had tried for him. Gentlemen hat come up from New Haven, and from Bridgeport, and from down to New York, a-fishin', and over so many of 'em had wasted away their time and their luck for that big trout, and they had all sorts of riggin'. One feller had a live frog, another worms; sometimes they took the worms' and sometimes the worms took them. I know the feller where he lay. He'd been seen breakin' the water for one thing and another, but also when nobody was fishin'. He was a curious trout. I believe he knew Sunday as well as Reverend Mantle did. At any rate the season thought the trout meant to aggravate us. Fellers fished from morn

familiar smelli[illegible]gs, and finally broke away together in a [illegible]ush down the yard, rolling over and wrestli[illegible]g and racing, until suddenly Spark remember[illegible]d that he had something hid under the barn,—a rat, or perhaps a weasel, or who knows, it may have been a— whatever that is which a dog is thinking of when he rushes off to poke his nose through each chink, and peep in at every hole, and smell around the whole circumference of the barn and its sheds!

The appearance of Rex vaulting over the wall was the signal that Rose was near. Alice had been waiting impatiently, and good Rachel Cathcart, who filled the whole house with her presence, and yet seldom spoke, and then not above a melodious whisper, had she said what she felt, would have owned that the day was a little brighter for Rose's coming; and so when Rex's black muzzle came over the wall, and set off Spark, everybody ran to the door, and Alice, with her black hair shining in the sun and hanging down her shoulders, shaded her eyes with her hand, and watched on tip-toe. First came a little bit of color, which sank again, but at a step nearer showed a face in it, and a second after a great, good-natured black visage was rising over the wall, and Pete sailed up to the door, giggling and gurgling, as was his manner of salutation. Pete gave Rose a toss, and she, light as a bird and springy as a squirrel, slit by Alice's side, and each of them disappeared in the other's arms, in a sort of general mixture of kissing and caressing.

Aunt Rachel—Rose always called her aunt—stood looking at them as if, for a moment, all the world looked bright, and children, at least, had a right to be happy.

And now, what were the girls to do? Do?—the morning was not long enough for their pressing necessities! First, they ran to Alice's room, and, with much confidential and low talk, inspected some, I know not what, treasure—may be a new cap,—perhaps a doll,—possibly a baby's bed or bureau,—and it may be a whole suit of doll's apparel! There was a session up garret, which was general play-room, and where all sorts of stow-aways and good-for-somethings—crippled chairs, dilapidated bureaus, old fire-fenders, and boxes of various patterns, give endless room for rummaging. If they find anything, well and good; if they do not, they make it all up, saying: "Oh, Rose, what if we should open that drawer, and then you should see a gold bird, and he should jump out and fly up on that clothes-line, and begin to sing!" etc.

But Rose, to-day, was to see more substantial things; for it was the cheese-day, and Aunt Rachel's cheeses, like everything from her hands, admitted of no rivalry. Already the curd was formed; but Rose was called to see it broken up, salted, drained, and pressed. With wonder she inspected the cheese-room, where some two score cheeses, of various ages, lay ranged upon the successive shelves.

"These are old," said Alice, pointing to the topmost row; "these are going to market; and these are not cured yet; we have to turn and rub them every day."

Which operation Rose gravely essayed to perform under Aunt Rachel's direction.

Nothing could long detain the children from the only city of a child's desires—a huge, old-fashioned barn! There is something in its homely simplicity, in its negligence, that puts them at ease. No carpets hold them in caution; no furniture lords it over the freedom of their motions. No valetudinarians or nervous people are incommoded by their noise. It is a very castle of liberty to them! They are unwatched and untutored. They are their own masters. Mice squeak and quarrel in the bins and barrels. The old cat is roused by the symptoms, and lies alert, crouched, or glides eagerly in and out searching for her prey. Swallows fly in and twitter up and down about their nests plastered under the ridge-pole. Flocks of hens come to the door, look in first with one eye, and then with the other,—each one calling "Cut-cut-cutarkut!" or else suppressing in her throat some remark not prudent to utter!

To-day, both doors, wide and high, stood wide open, leaving the floor clear through to the sunshine and fresh air. One mow was empty, waiting for the new crop of hay soon to be cut. The other side yet held many tons, and furnished a spot for jumping and frolicking. With a wild outcry a hen flies off her nest. One would think she had been threatened, attacked, and every right rudely invaded: Instead of that she has only laid an egg! Many of her superiors make all the noise without the egg. The children run for it,—they search for others,—and, oh joy of excitements, find a new nest, with ten eggs in it! They bear their treasure and triumph of discovery to the house with exultation. They race back again for their sport. Their bonnets are gone, their cheeks are flushed,—every thing is mirthful,—they laugh at the gate, and laugh at the hens, and laugh at Spark, who is just now seized with the conviction that there is a rat somewhere, and who is running wildly, all a-tremble with excitement and fairly screaming with fury at the dastardly rat, who has not the rat-hood to come forth and show himself openly, but meanly takes advantage of his hole!

They peer into the root-cellar, and look timid,—it is so very dark, and a foul, damp air and smell of old roots send them away. The grain-room is more attractive. They measure oats, and climb up on the slippery ears of unshelled corn, which slide them down as fast as they scramble up. They get into the buggy, and lay the whip upon imaginary horses, and jounce up and down upon the springy seats, as if the road was very rough or the speed very great. The well, too, calls them. It is an old-fashioned well, dug so many years ago that every body has forgotten when. It is very deep—they peer over, and look down, and can see nothing; and that is always very terrible when one is looking into darkness; and both run away, and then laugh because they ran.

It is noon. Ah, how clear the sky! How sweet the air! How full of clover smell—great red clover, which spreads out just below, whole acres, and has drawn hither bees from every direction, and made them greedy with delight! And now the horn blows. It is dinner time—twelve o'clock. "There is father!" cries Alice, and runs for him, and Rose hard after, and both get kissed for their pains, and one is mounted on one shoulder and one on the other—while Barton Cathcart, in tow pantaloons, barefoot, tanned, all but his eyes and hair, which are black as night, walks briskly, to let the girls see that ten years old can keep step with full-grown men. And Papa Cathcart must wash his great head and tan-colored neck and short hair all over—and Barton Cathcart must wash his soiled hands and tanned face—and Rose and Alice must wash their red faces and white hands!

The dinner was in the great kitchen to-day. Not that there was not a dining-room, which served also for the sitting-room. But now was the busy time, and the old kitchen was so large and pleasant, and it was so much easier for Mrs. Cathcart to do the work, there being only a girl to help her. The doors stood wide open, and the windows stood wide open, and before long mouths were open too. The potatoes could not contain themselves, but in the goodness of their hearts had split open with benevolence, and lay in the dish like sacks of meal ripped open and spilling. The meat smelled so good!—even the dogs could not wait. Rex, with the most beseeching eagerness, licked his chops, and Spark whined and trembled, and half-barked, as much as to say, "I can't stand it much longer."

They all ate—the two hired men ate, and the man that hired them ate, and the boys ate and the girls, and even the dogs ate, snapping the morsels and scraps from time to time flung to them, and swallowing them so suddenly, that it was as if they had been flung down a well.

Where was Pete? Gone back to town to tell the Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth that Rose would stay all night, and that Pete was to come back with some fish-spears, and that a party would be formed to go out to Broad Brook that night to spear suckers. Pete mounted the colt,—a horse ten years old, but which was still called the colt. The "young horse" was nearly fifteen. Indeed, the team horses were only seven and eight years old, and the "colt" and "young horse" were the veterans. On his bare back Pete sat astraddle, his long legs nearly sweeping the ground, and both horse and rider being of one mind, the journey was not long, nor was the return so delayed but that Pete arrived in ample time to secure his dinner.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NIGHT FISHING.

Long had Alice been promised that she should see some night fishing. What it should be, filled Rose with mysterious imaginations. Hardy and tough Barton, who that afternoon had vacation in honor of Miss Rose, being three years her senior, felt the importance of his superior age, and taught and dictated in the most edifying manner.

The spears were sharpened, and Pete and Barton made torches, tying a rude tin cup to a short stick and filling it with turpentine and oil. A loose wick was provided, which was capable of giving a broad glare of light.

At length the supper was over; the two-horse wagon came round; the girls were charged with extra shawls for use when returning. The light along the West was yet a day light, but was rapidly fading. Great clouds lay banked up far away in the south-west, and flashes of light shooting through them told of distant thunder-storms. But all the sky hitherward was clear and serene, and within an hour the moon would be up.

A drive of a mile brought the party to Broad Brook. It was one of those rocky and gravelly streams found in mountain regions, which emigrants settled upon the flat alluvial lands of the West long for, when in fevers they lie half asleep and half awake, and dream that they are back again at home, and see the water clear as crystal rushing over the pebbles, or widening into sheets, and longing for its coolness, awake, and in their weakness shed tears for very home-sickness!

Broad Brook was of mountain origin. Into it came Glover's Brook from the ravine, famous for its wildness and its trout, and Twist's River, and ever so many more mountain-fed little streams; so that by the time it had come down to Morse's Bridge it had become a stream of some dignity and power. Had its waters been compressed into narrow bounds, it would have been formidable for any one who should seek to ford it. But it preferred to spread itself, and to brawl over a wide bottom, and to wind along the edges of the hills, with meadows on one side and rocks on the other, now and then circuiting off far into the grass-lands, running deep, with many a pool. Above the bridge, for the most part, it hugged the hills, and was broad and shallow, better fitted for wading.

The party were soon upon its banks. The western light had grown dim. A steep bank on the far side of the river, clothed with trees, and especially held by the solemn black hemlock, served to shut out the little remaining twilight. The roar of the brook, its wild and threatening look, at first daunted Rose and Alice, and brought them close to each other, to Barton's great edification. That was because they were girls! He would show them! and without more ado he jumped into the water, not quite knee deep, and walked across and back, and let the water bubble up around his legs. The torches were soon lit, and Pete and Barton took each a spear, and, girding a bag about them to hold the fish, began to move up the stream. From the banks, under 'Biah Cathcart's care, the girls watched the strange and wild scene. The smoky torches threw a red glare on the water, whose wrinkled face gave back the light in broken flashes. The bank obscurely loomed out from the other side, jutting forward, seemingly, as the light hazily revealed its rocks, and drawing back again when a clump of hemlocks or mountain laurels opened dark recesses through the foliage. Moving slowly against the rushing stream, passing the light along its surface, and surveying its bottom, Pete and Barton for a time seemed to find nothing. But as they neared a point where the water, swinging around, deepened a little, Barton plunged down his spear, and, with some commotion and tussle, held it there. His torch had almost fallen. But regaining his foothold, he soon lifted a large sucker above the water, the first prize of the evening. Scarcely was his trophy secured before Pete, who had been bending and searching the bottom, was seen aiming his spear, and with sudden stroke, retracted as soon, lifted a fish large enough to make the ashen spear handle bend.

Growing bolder as they advanced, Rose and Alice imagined themselves in a fairy story, Pete and Barton, now in gloom and now shining out in the red light of the torches, seemed like gnomes. The trees, as the torches were carried under them, were lit up with an atmosphere such as no unenchanted trees ever knew. The water seemed to be some living thing, and scowled or laughed, winked and blinked, as if it knew something wild and dreadful. Now the stream left the hill, and moved between two rows of stiff alders, and the fishers were lost to the sight, only a faint red smoke flickering above the bushes, revealing their progress. Then winding back again, the stream brawled against the rocks, and ran for a long way under the projecting branches of hard wood trees.

And now the girls, growing somewhat bolder and more familiar, wanted to go into the brook. Of course they could not: But couldn't somebody let them ride? How could 'Biah Cathcart carry two girls, seven years old, when the river bottom was so uneven? What if his foot should slip, or he should step down into a hole—where would the girls be?

But couldn't Pete take one, and the father take the other? Rose could ask for nothing which Pete would not do. He would have laid down in the river, or in a mud-hole, or climbed the steepest rock, or jumped the most dangerous chasm, if Rose told him to. And when, as they rounded a clump of bushes, Pete came near the bank, Rose said to him: "Pete, mayn't I get on your shoulder?" the controversy was ended, and in a twinkling he was at the bank, and Rose was mounted; and Alice, not a minute after, was on her father's shoulder close behind, and all were in the foaming stream. And now I defy you, oh painters, to render me in true form and color that scene—the wrinkle-faced river, ruddy and changeful—the overhanging boughs, up into whose obscure depths shoots a smoky, tremulous light—and the strange forms of men moving slowly along the water, bearing two maidens as sweet as ever dazzled the eyes of deluded mortals! Was it strange that Rose seemed to herself translated from the real world into one of dreams? The dizzy gravel at the bottom appeared to her to be running and racing; the water seemed like so many serpents red and black, wreathing together and winding in and out of coils that were endless in length and strange in their convolutions. Never had she seen such leaves as those there above her head, weird with light shot up upon them from beneath, and over all, the solemn black of the night sky!

They had well nigh reached the upper road when the moon rose, and poured its light full upon the bridge that now appeared not far ahead, and upon a party that sat in an open carriage gazing down upon this strange procession.

"Mercy—look down into that river! What is it, Hiram?"

"Wal, as near as I can see, it's a nigger sprouted and blossoming into a white folk. If 'Biah Cathcart warn't a sober man, I should say that hindermost one was he, and his darter on his back. And if that one ahead aint Pete and the Doctor's Rose, I'll never kiss my wife agin. Scissors and pumpkins! if that aint a spree! and here it is after nine o'clock at night! Hullo there! where's Aunt Rachel? and where's the rest of the family? Aint there any more comin'? You might jest as well have finished out the frolic and brought along everything you've got, as to have them children out this time o' night!"

But Hiram's banter had no effect upon the party. All of them were keyed up too high with the sport. Pete gurgled and giggled; 'Biah said nothing, but smiled contentedly; and Barton alone had voice to shout, till the woods rang.

"You'd better take them children home, unless you want a bigger river on the top of 'em than you've got under 'em!" said Hiram, as he touched his ponies and started away.

Sure enough! The sky was gathering clouds. Low and distant thunder was heard. They must hasten back. Blinded and bewildered by the unnatural light and the swirling water, 'Biah and Barton would have followed down the bank but for Pete, whose head seemed as unaffected by the scene as a compass is by the commotion of waters. The winding of the river had given them a course of two miles, but scarcely half a mile need be traversed in a straight line, to bring them to the wagon. Following Pete, they soon were safely seated, and the horses, impatient and restive, as if by instinct aware that a storm impended, no sooner had their heads turned homeward, than they dashed off with full course. The sparks flew from under their feet. They grew more eager with each turn of the road, and 'Biah soothed and restrained them with both voice and rein. It seemed to the girls that the whole ride was like an arrow's rush. Bushes darkly loomed and disappeared, a faint glimmer of a house was extinguished in a second by their rapid passing. The wind was swaying the trees and rolling up the damp dust of the road, and the thunder shook the very ground as it fell nearer and nearer. They were not afraid. They secretly gladdened with the growing turmoil.

Aunt Rachel had been uneasy ever since the children left. Rex had been kept in the house lest his freaks should disturb the fishing. At every sound he lifted his muzzle. Often he went to the door, and smelt and whined. But now the storm was coming on. Aunt Rachel's fears grew painful. Every thunder roll increased her alarm. The big drops were beginning to smite the panes of glass, when Rex bounced up with excitement, and gave a roaring bark which could mean nothing but their arrival. In good time! for, just as the party tumbled out, and the girls were borne in, the torrent descended; and when [illegible] from the open door struck out into the a[illegible] sheets of water seemed literally to fulfil Hiram's hyperbole, that rivers of water would fill the heavens.

"Oh, father," said Rachel Cathcart, "it is wild of you to have these children out on such a night! Come in, my darlings."

But Rose and Alice were evidently too much excited and happy to need pity.

"Why, Rachel, do you suppose people catch cold when they are excited like these children?"

"But what would Doctor Wentworth say?"

"Say? Why he would say that such an experience was better than a dozen volumes of books—that it would give life to the imagination, that it would give the children impressions which would enlarge their whole after life—that's what he would say! and if he had been along himself, he would have enjoyed it better than any of us. Don't you think so, Rose?"

Rose sagely assented.

"Why, father, you seem as much excited as the children?"

"Why not? I hope never to get over being young. I look back on this night as if I had been walking in a cave full of crystals. I shall never forget it, and I'll warrant the children never will. Such things clean off the drudgery and sameness of life, and reach toward a deeper meaning. At any rate, that's what the doctor'll say, to-morrow. You see if he don't."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE CHARM OF WISHING NIGHT.

A LEGEND OF DAFFIDOWNDILLY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

At the date of our story there were peculiar superstitions in every town in the wide world. Daffidowndilly had one about the evening of the fifth of April. They called it the "Wishing Night," and old gossips would tell you how any damsel could wish her finger into a wedding ring by acting according to directions—three wishes being sure to bring a husband. But these wishes were not all to be made at the same time. The first part of the process being much the least awesome, for it was only that the maiden, being in her teens, was to go to a church porch at midnight, and there, looking straight at the sacred edifice, to bow thrice and say:

"May the angels send me a husband before this time twelvemonth, and after that may the Lord help me."

Quite a provident addendum as marriages turn out sometimes.

Then, having waited for ten minutes or more, the damsel was to go home without speaking a word and retire in silence. That night she dreamt of her future spouse, and it was deemed highly probable that within the year he would make his appearance in proper person. If he did not, however, on the next wishing night the lady was to proceed to the same church porch at the same hour, and there utter these words:

"May the Good Lord find me a husband before the twelvemonth passes, and not let me ask help of anyone else."

With which expression of her wishes she was to go home dumbly as before and wait. This time she must wait until she was out of her teens. Then on any fifth of April she might at midnight go to the church once more, if she durst, and there say these horrible words:

"Now since the angels will not help me, and neither will the Lord, may Satan send me a husband, if it costs me my soul."

And after that there was no fear of her dying a spinster.

A good many girls during a good many years had gone to St. Ann's to repeat the first request; for the angels are, after all, not much feared by mortals. And one or two had been so irreverent as to go a second time. But for fifty years no one had ever been so blasphemous as to request the old gentleman's assistance in her love affairs, and the one instance in which it was known had a fearful ending, for the girl went mad with terror when she had uttered the words, and died before the dawn broke. Moreover, no church could be found which would permit her bones to repose in its consecrated ground, and there was in the woods a grave with a nameless stone, where she was said to have been placed by those who had loved her.

Old women who were the authorities in such matters in that place declared that it was best never even to repeat the first innocent charm lest worse should come of it, and so did all well-principled young ones. But Madge Burton, who was by no means a model young woman, but a regular tomboy, afraid of nothing, and determined, despite her utter want of any dowry, to marry, and to marry well, made up her mind one evening when the fifth of April was near at hand, and, for the millionth time, she had heard the old legend muttered and mumbled by her grandmother as she spun at the little wheel in the long kitchen, that as far as the first charm went there could be no harm at all, and that she had courage enough to go to the church porch and ask the angels to make her match for her.

So when the Wishing Night arrived, on the year in which Madge Burton was eighteen, she arose from her bed when the hour of twelve was striking, and, wrapping herself in a great cloak, slipped out of the little kitchen door, fastened only by a bolt, and made her way to the church porch.

The moon was full, and everything as bright as day, and Madge felt no fear. She knelt down where she could see the oaken door, and crossed her hands on her bosom, and, as solemnly as though she were saying her prayers, whispered:

"May the good angels send me a husband before this time twelvemonth, and after that may the Lord help me," and knelt out the prescribed time, and went home feeling as though she had done rather a good action, for surely to ask the angels for a husband could do no harm to either soul or body.

It did no good either as far as her object went, for the year waxed and waned and no one came to woo and woo her. Her old grandmother was crosser than ever and her life harder, and she longed more and more to be some rich man's wife and be rid of all the poverty and toil; and Madge fancied it would be a happy thing to be loved, also, and was not quite without romance, and she felt that fate was not kind to her, when the fifth of April came again and still no lover had crossed the threshold.

"I will try the second charm," she said to herself. "There can be no such great harm. The last words might mean nothing, and Grannie has been dinging it into my ears all day long as though to tempt me. She never guesses that, poor soul. I'll go to the porch once more, and I'll trust that a kind good man will come to me for the going. I'm not a timid creature, thank fortune. I can dare a great deal."

So when the midnight bell rang she slipped out of her bed once more and donned the same great cloak, worn and faded and frayed now, and yet her only one, and opening her door went through the little garden patch and along the lane and away to the church porch, and there she knelt and said these words:

"May the good Lord find me a husband before the twelvemonth passes," and paused, and her voice faltered—but the charm must be completed:—"and never let me ask aid of any one else," she stammered, and started up and fled shuddering home.

It was not a bright night, and the wind was moaning in an unearthly sort of way, and she dared not look behind her lest she should see some awful thing following her; and never was mortal so thankful as she when she had bolted the cottage door safe behind her.

But that night she dreamed that a handsome gallant gave her a plain gold ring, and that, her grandmother assured her, was in itself a sign of a wedding, though the old woman never guessed that Madge had been to try the charm of that Wishing Night at the church porch.

So Madge took comfort and said to herself that whatever the words portended, any husband sent that year was sent by the Lord, for whatever the last words meant the request was made to no other. And she watched and waited the year through.

But no husband came, nor even the shadow of a lover, though Madge was as pretty as girl could be, for the young men of Daffidowndilly were prudent and liked wives who had money and lands; and the year passed again as the others had. But though she was twenty now, Madge dared not go to the church-porch on the next Wishing-Night. To the last, she thought she could, but it was all too terrible. So the day passed, and the next anniversary; and all the while things were growing worse and worse for Madge. Her grandmother had grown too feeble to spin, and their cow was dead, and the vegetables in the garden did not prosper, and her own work was scant, and it was all she could do to live. Moreover, the little hut in which they lived had a rent—small as it was,—and that was behind hand, and the owner threatened to eject the two women. After that there was nothing, Madge feared, for the old woman but the poor-house; and for herself, but beggary; for Madge was not one to work with a will and fight her way out of difficulty. So, as a third saint's eve came about, she resolved, in a sort of desperation, to try the last charm which every one said was certain to bring about the desired end.

All day she thought of it, and trembled with apprehension. When she heard the clock strike twelve, she arose from her bed and dressed herself, and again it was the same cloak she wrapped about her—quite a beggar's rag, tattered and rent by this time.

It was a wretched night. A terrible storm was brewing; the sky was ink-black, and the wind moaned and muttered. Then, too, there had been a fearful murder committed not far off, that very morning. A servant had murdered his master for the purpose of robbing him of a large sum of money and an immense amount of jewelry; and the place rung with the news, and timid people were frightened out of their senses.

Madge had nothing to lose, it was true; but to think of this horrible thing, on the lonely road, was not pleasant, and she could not drive it from her mind. She remembered that the gentleman's name was Huston, and that his servant was a Frenchman, named Antoine. She remembered how he had stolen into his master's room, and how the blood had dripped over the white hangings down upon the floor. All the horrible incidents arose before her to terrify her, as though the thing she was about to do were not terrible enough.

Still, through the heavy mud and against the bitter blast, Madge Burton struggled to the church-porch. She could not see the door as she knelt before it, but she turned her eyes toward it, and said, with a voice that faltered and trembled despite the courage of which she boasted:

"Now, since the angels will not help me and neither will the Lord, may Satan send me a husband, within the year if—— !"

And then, as if in mercy, the blast blew her words away so that no listening ear could hear them; but she, waiting for a calm, repeated them:

"——Even if it should cost me my soul!"

And with that there came a moan and wail of the gust and a whirl of the bare branches of the willows about the church, and the hoot of an owl in the belfry; and, amidst it, Madge essayed to flee homeward. But the road was dark, and she lost her way; and, finding herself in an unknown spot, amidst all that storm at midnight, began to weep aloud.

Then, as though he had arisen from the earth, she found a man at her side, who spoke to her gently, and offered to take her safely home; and, glad of any help, she accepted his kindness.

How he came there she never knew; she never even asked. He was young, and his manner to her was very courteous. She guessed that he was handsome; and she had no doubt that the charm had brought him to her side. From the first, she guessed that he was the wooer she had prayed for. But she forgot him for a while in what came after; for, when she reached the cottage, her grandmother was dead! It seemed part of the punishment which Madge felt that she deserved so well; and, though they had not loved each other over much, the girl felt shocked and terrified. Nevertheless, before the funeral had been over twenty-four hours, the young stranger had entered the little cottage once again as her lover. The wooing was a brief one. In a week she was his wife; and he purchased a pretty home in Daffidowndilly, and installed her its mistress. He dressed her in silks, and velvets, and rich laces, and jewels, which came from his dead ancestors,—so he said,—and he seemed to love her very dearly. He was a Frenchman, and called himself Monsieur Henri,—Henri Henri, he said he had been christened. And so Madge should have been happy; but she could never rid herself of the thought that this husband was sent to her by Satan; and then, in his sleep, Monsieur Henri muttered strange things and started awake with beads of sweat upon his brow; and once had sprung to the floor crying:

"I will not live to be taken."

"A nightmare," he said, in explanation. He had been subject to them from a child, but despite that his wife felt a certain fear of him after that, and kind as he was, thought often and often with horror of the words that she had uttered on the night when she had knelt in the church porch.

The year passed on and the fifth of April came again. It was a terrible day to Madge. She could do nothing but crouch over the coal-fire, shivering as with an ague. In vain her husband laughed and scolded.

"Something terrible is about to happen, Henri," was all that she could say to him. "Do not be angry with me—I cannot help this; I believe this day is an evil one."

And then he startled her by crying out:

"I believe so too," and clenching both hands upon his brow as some lost spirit might. But when she screamed in terror he said softly—"Nevertheless I met *you* on this day, darling."

So the two, holding each other's hands, sat before the fire, and Madge felt that this charm had at least brought her a loving husband, whatever ill might come to her. They sat together, saying very little until the day closed in and the Wishing Night had come, and perhaps some silly girl was thinking of the church porch as Madge had once thought of it; and then the wife arose to light candles and have the shutters closed and shut out the haunted night as best she might.

"Oh, if it only passes without some great woe, I can hope and pray for a blessing," she thought, "for forgiveness for those wild words of that mad prayer."

As she thought thus the servant-woman was opening the door to one who had knocked.

Two men stood without.

"Who lives here?" asked one.

"Monsieur Henri," said the girl.

Then the men strode past her and into the parlor, where the husband and wife sat. Both started to their feet.

"What do you want here, gentlemen?" cried M. Henri.

"We are looking for one Antoine Giraud," said the foremost man.

"He is not here—I am M. Henri," said Madge's husband; but two hands were upon his shoulders.

"You are Antoine Giraud," said the second man—"I know you; and we arrest you in the name of the law for the robbery and murder of your master, Mr. Huston, one year ago to-day."

And as he spoke some one laughed, and in the doorway Madge saw standing a black, horrible creature—Satan himself in proper person—and dropped senseless to the ground. Her husband looked at her.

"Poor little one!" he said. "She loved me, but Satan sent me to her to break her heart."

And with the words, before the two men who held him could guess his purpose, he drew a pistol from his bosom and blew his brains out.

The legend further sayeth that, at that moment, the fiend claimed his own and bore poor Madge away bodily to repeat her last visit to the church porch on Wishing Night to all eternity; but there are skeptical persons in Daffidowndilly who declare that in her agony she drowned herself in the river which ran near the house and was swept away to the sea. Certainly no one in Daffidowndilly ever saw her again. And the story only came to light through the servant, who also saw the fiend as he stood grinning at the door, and heard the words that Madge uttered when she saw him.

Government of the Tongue.

How beautiful is that admonition of St. James, from the propriety of the imagery under which the moral is conveyed! He exhorts to govern the tongue, which, though so small a member of the body, is yet of such great effect, that to govern the tongue is to govern the whole man. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about the whole body. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth." Nothing upon the subject can possibly exceed the eloquence of this passage; and the apostle carries on his discourse all the way in the same beautiful style of allusion.

Moral Beauty.

What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

—God and love are everywhere; in light, in colors, in flowers, in the beauty of man, in the happiness of animals, in the human mind, in the endless spheres, as the sun shines on all, alike yet differently, and is majestic on the ocean, sparkling in a dewdrop, ruddy on the ripe fruit, silver on the stream, many-colored in the rain bow, and pale and tremulous in the moon.

—True honor is that which refrains to do in secret what it would not do openly; and, where other laws are wanting, imposes a law upon itself.

DUTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'Tis but a coward who will say,
"There is a lion in the way!"
Where Duty calls you must obey,
Forever pressing on.
And he who strives to run a race,
Toward the prize must set his face,
And never try a slower pace,
Until the goal be won!

The soul, that first in Heaven has birth,
And like a spirit walks the earth,
Is not a thing of little worth,
Nor lightly set aside;
It has its duties to perform,
Must meet the calm, and ride the storm;
And battle where temptations swarm,
In every conflict tried.

For every trial is designed
To mould the heart and form the mind—
As gold in furnace is refined,
And cleansed from all its dross;
So when we're passing through the fire,
And disappointment mocks desire,
We know our souls are rising higher;
And gain will conquer loss!

Then keep the road, nor turn again,
Let Satan call and call in vain;
If you are anxious to obtain,
And wear a crown of gold,
You've but to fight—the vict'ry 's sure;
And if you to the end endure,
A rich reward you will secure,
And happiness untold.

'Tis but a coward who will say,
"There is a lion in the way!"
Where Duty calls you must obey,
Forever pressing on.
And he who strives to run a race,
Toward the prize must set his face,
And never try a slower pace,
Until the goal be won!

EARNING HER OWN LIVING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, John, I don't see how you can be so cruel!"

Barbara Berry's voice sounded as if she had not exactly concluded whether to burst into tears or fly into a passion. She was a tall, pretty girl, with red velvet lips and very black hair and eyes, and teeth as white and even as little pearls. Her husband, who stood on the hearth rug, buttoning his overcoat up in a most leisurely manner, looked down upon her with a troubled face.

"Barbara, I think you are a little unreasonable."

"Oh, of course—I always am!" And Barbara, postponing the passion for the present, burst into tears. "But I never thought my husband would refuse me the first thing I ever asked of him."

"Neither would I, Barbara," answered the husband, soothingly, "if it were anything reasonable. But a diamond ring! Pet, have you any idea what it would cost?"

"I could get a very nice cluster for five hundred dollars, I am sure."

Mr. Berry shook his head gravely.

"I have no right to spend five hundred dollars for such a trifle, while my partners are investing all their means in the business and striving to economize in every possible way."

"Trifle!" sobbed Barbara; "but that is all the regard you have for my feelings, John Berry. Of course it is a trifle—*I* am a trifle, and it's a great pity you took the trouble to marry me. I dare say you repented [illegible] many times since."

"Barbara!" remonstrated the husband, soothingly. But he did not tell her how hard he was working to pay the debts her worthless father had left, burdening himself to the utmost that no one should have the power to speak scornfully or slightingly of the memory of Barbara's dead father. No, he did not tell her this.

"Barbara," said John Berry, looking wistfully after her, as she threw herself down in an easy chair with her handkerchief to her eyes—"little wife, have you no good-bye kiss for me? You know I am going away for a week, on business for the firm."

She never looked up, nor moved. He stooped down and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"Good-bye, Barbara."

She did not answer, and he went away, sighing softly to himself, for he loved the pretty, wilful girl with all the strength of his honest heart, and her obliquities of temper grieved and puzzled him sorely.

The echo of the closing door had scarce died away on Barbara's ear, when she sprung to her feet.

"My resolution is taken," she said, aloud. "Since John cares no more for me than to refuse the first *real* favor I have ever asked of him, I will leave him forever. He will learn that my wishes are not thus lightly to be disregarded. I can earn my own living—I can support myself by my unaided efforts, and I *will* do it!"

So Barbara Berry went upstairs to the little room that John had furnished with so much loving thought of her taste, and reference to her likes and dislikes, and resolutely packed the small trunk which was all that she had brought to her married home.

"I will send for it this evening," she thought.

Then she wrote a brief note to her husband, stating her intention of freeing both himself and her from the bond that had doubtless become hateful to them both, and laid it on his dressing-case, where he would find it when he returned from his business trip.

And all this time Barbara Berry's eyes were dry and her scarlet under-lip firmly held down by the pearl-white teeth John had been so proud of. But when she laid out on the bureau the coral ear-drops he had given her a month ago, and the watch that had been her wedding gift, and the little trinkets his love had supplied her with, from time to time, the tears sparkled into her eyes, and for one instant her resolution quailed.

But it was only for an instant, and then her heart grew harder and more wilful than ever. She tied on the bonnet she had worn before she was married and folded the checked black and white shawl round her shoulders, and went down into the kitchen.

"Ellen," she said to the brisk servant girl who was paring potatoes by the fire, "you can go home and visit your mother for a week. By that time Mr Berry will have returned, and you will receive further orders from him."

"Yes, ma'am," said delighted Ellen, with a curtsey.

And Mrs. Berry waited until Ellen was fairly out of the house; and then, carrying a roll of manuscript in her hand, she locked the front door, and shook the dust of John Berry's honest threshold off her feet!

"I know I could write two or three tales and poems a week; and there's no reason why I shouldn't earn a handsome competence in that way."

And Barbara hesitated which periodical she should favor with the first chance of securing her brilliant services.

The office of the "Magnet" turned up winner; and Barbara toiled down a narrow street, and up two or three still narrower flights of preposterously dirty stairs before she stopped at a door with "Magnet Office" painted on its panels.

"Come in!" called out a voice, as Mrs. Berry tapped timidly at the door; and she entered a small room, where a good-looking man sat at a table, literally drifted in by heaps of papers, disjointed manuscripts, and letters.

Barbara, blushing and confused, told her story, and handed over the ribbon-tied roll of manuscript.

"Oh!—ah!" commented the editor, looking over the daintily-written pages with keen, abstracted eye. "Poetry, love-stories—hum! ha!—Much obliged to you, ma'am, but we really have more matter than we can at present use!"

"What would you advise me to do, sir?" asked Barbara, with a sinking heart.

"Honestly now, ma'am," said the restless editor, "I should go home and burn all that pretty writing, and try some other tack!"

Poor Barbara! what a fall was this! One thing was very evident, however,—she never could earn her living by her pen!

"I can embroider beautifully, however," thought Mrs. Berry, as she paused before the windows of a great "Out-fitting" establishment.

The foreman was lounging behind the counter as Mrs. Berry, directed from the front of the store, advanced towards him.

"I should like to get some embroidery to do, sir," said she, timidly. "I have worked a good deal, and——"

"Well," he said, dubiously, "you might take some and try."

"How much do you pay?"

"Fifty cents a day. You come here at seven in the morning, and leave at seven at night—board and lodge yourself of course!"

Barbara opened wide her eyes.

"Fifty cents a day—that is only three dollars a week. I could not get board for that."

"That is none of our business," said the foreman, indifferently, yawning behind his hand.

"I could not undertake to work for such terms."

"Very well—all right!" was the answer.

Barbara's next attempt was at a house, the dwellers in which had advertised that morning for a seamstress. A languid lady in a soiled yellow wrapper received her.

"You are the young person who wants to sew?"

"Yes, madam," said Barbara.

"Of course you can sew neatly? and manage a machine?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you make children's clothes?"

"I never have tried, madam, but with patterns I have no doubt I shall succeed."

"I should require you to cut and fit my own dresses also."

"I am afraid I could not manage that," said Mrs. Berry. "I never fitted any dresses."

The lady elevated her nose.

"A seamstress! and never fitted dresses! Really, young woman, what wages do you expect to receive?"

Mrs. Berry rose, coloring deeply.

"I perceive, madam, that I shall not meet your requisitions."

"I perceive so, too," said the lady, insolently. "Stephen, show this young woman to the door."

And once again poor Barbara had made a failure!

She had another newspaper scrap in her portemonnaie, however—an advertisement for a governess.

"At least I can teach little children," thought Barbara.

Mrs. Parley was at home—a showily-dressed lady, with short blonde curls and gold spectacles, who sailed into the room like a frigate under full press of canvas.

"Oh! ah! yes. My dear, what can you teach?"

"I am qualified to give instruction on the piano and guitar, in French, German, and all the elements of a solid English education."

"That's well," said Mrs. Parley, nodding her head. "Do you know anything of Latin?"

"I could teach the grammar."

"You see my two eldest boys are preparing for school, and if the governess could help them along a little, it would be so much clear gain."

"How many pupils should I have?" asked Barbara, timidly.

"Well, let me see: there's Fred and Harry in Latin, mathematics, and ancient history; Tom and Willie in the elements; Josephine, Sarah, and Mary Ella, all bright girls, and Susan, Frances, Eloise and Ida, a little younger. Marian is only three—of course, too young to commence her education as yet."

"I should think so," thought Barbara, bewildered.

"Of course, you will devote your whole time to them. I like them to rise early; if you would dress them, it would save the expense of a second nurse-maid, and walk an hour in the Park before breakfast. They have their separate table, and the governess takes her meals with them. I assure you, my dear, you will find all the comforts of a home in the society of my dear little ones."

"What is the salary?" modestly questioned Mrs. Berry.

"Oh! the salary. We have always paid our governess twenty dollars a month."

Twenty dollars a month! What a beggarly stipend! Yet surely it was better to have a home and twenty dollars a month than to embroider for fifty cents a day, and pay one's own expenses.

"I think I will try the situation," said Barbara, faintly.

At the end of the third day, Mrs. Parley sent for the governess.

"Mrs. Berry," she said, stiffly, "my dear little Harry complains that you shook him this morning."

"I did," said Barbara, resolutely, "he was pulling Eloise's hair out, and would not obey my commands to stop."

"I never allow any one to touch my children," said Mrs. Parley, "and least of all Harry. His spirit is too fine to be broken. Please to remember this in future, Mrs. Berry. And Josephine says you are cross with her in the grammar class."

"I may have spoken shortly to her when she would pinch her little sisters, instead of paying attention to her lessons."

"But hereafter you are never to speak to them in any accents but those of love. My children are so sensitive, Mrs. Berry,—perfect human mimosas."

Barbara colored:

"If I am to have no authority over my pupils, Mrs. Parley, I can't undertake to teach them anything."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Parley; "in that case, Mrs. Berry, we must endeavor to find some one that can. I will trouble you no longer. Perhaps you had better go this morning,—my children's tempers must not be corrupted by the example of your evil passions!"

So Barbara Berry lost her situation as governess.

Heart-sick, brain-weary, and toil-worn, the poor creature stood homeless and penniless in the streets. Earning her own living had been a futile attempt heretofore,—should she try farther? And her heart answered, with a great cry:

"Oh, if I could only see John once more!"

Pride was gone; wilfulness was quelled; obstinacy had met a fearful rebuff! Barbara's lesson had done her good.

Ellen O'Toole's holiday was cut short; Mrs. Berry wanted her again. Barbara tore up the note she had left on her husband's dressing-case, and unpacked the trunk.

"What a goose I was," thought Barbara.

She was yet straightening out the ribbons and collars in her drawer, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stair—John's footstep—and the next instant she had darted into his huge, loving arms.

"My dear little Barbee! and how have you got along in my absence?"

She did not answer the question directly, but she told the truth nevertheless.

"Oh! John, John, I am *so* glad to see you!"

"And I've brought you something, too, girlie."

She opened the little morocco case—there, in velvet casing, sparkled a Diamond Cluster Ring.

"John," she faltered, "I did not deserve this."

He laughed.

"And I did not expect to get it for you; but I did an extra stroke of business while I was gone—an unlooked-for piece of good luck—so I turned it into a present for you."

And Barbara, crying and laughing, told her husband all her folly, and how the silly experiment had ended.

"Will you forgive me, John?"

Yes, John *would*; and, like the children in fairy tales, "they lived happy ever after."

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

MRS. WOBURN'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

One of the pleasantest parlors in New York is Mrs. Woburn's. And she is one of the dearest and pleasantest of old ladies. Thus, you see, there is a double attraction, and that is ever an agreeable circumstance.

Some year's ago Mrs. Woburn's house used to be my home, a place more nearly answering to the *feeling* of home than any the tired denizen of boarding-houses is accustomed to find. I did not see a great deal of Mrs. Woburn when I first entered her house, as in fact I seldom do see much of the keepers of the caravansaries which shelter me.

I did not learn at once, but after a time my consciousness aroused to the fact that Mrs. Woburn was a lady of unusual excellence. Sometimes one lays aside the pen to study character, a lore always gratifying in one way or another; it may be from the goodness of the example presented, or from its oddity.

I was ill, and there is usually scant sympathy in your boarding-house. But I found that a different rule obtained at Mrs. Woburn's, or I was a favorite. At any rate I learned then to prize with both love and gratitude this dear old lady.

I remained there long, so long as that inexorable ruler of the fates of such as I—circumstance—would permit. I need not tell how or why we parted, for it is a matter that concerns or interests ourselves alone. It was not choice that parted us, surely, for I turned sadly from the doors which had opened a home to me, and there were tears on cheeks where the scolding torrent was no unknown visitor. Any woman struggling single-handed with life makes acquaintance perforce with tears.

But this has little to do with Mrs. Woburn's story, which I set out to tell. The history of my life beneath her roof is now of the past, and need not be reproduced here.

Let us speak of Mrs. Woburn's parlor. She has long left the boarding-house and boarding-house life behind. She has not a large house of her own—she neither needs or cares for it. Her home now is in the handsome large house of her son, where she has her own apartments and separate establishment. Clothed in her rich silks and handsome laces, she sits surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, and come forth forever from the toils and struggles of life, in age gathers its well-won harvests. She has an air of *ancien noblesse* about her. Who would credit the tale of toil done by those fair, folded hands? The brow has been wrinkled by the touch of age, who would deem that the corroding fingers of care had been there?

It is a lovely, quiet spot. In her long intercourse with the world Mrs. Woburn has gathered much besides experience. Many a beautiful gift makes her rooms lovely. Respect, veneration, gratitude speak in these. She has scattered kindnesses in her pathway and many a heart calls her blessed.

A thousand things curious and beautiful speak the love true hearts have borne her. From the shores of old-world tropic lands, the handiwork of the strange far nations who have laboriously brought down the still past to set it oddly amidst the bustle of the advancing age, adorns her parlor. Sailors and missionaries, her some-time inmates, have offered her these. Rare shells, and mementoes from the far-off flowery isles of the Pacific, and the mysterious lands it encircles, are among these. Here a gift tells of those lands of eternal ice that lie near the poles; here another speaks of the undimmed, burning suns that light the plains that swelter beneath the tropics.

It is a museum. But home and common life are not forgotten. For here softly folded and wrapped, and shrined beneath its glass case, lies the strangest thing of all—a wonder amidst all the wonders of the collection.

It is not new, nor beautiful, nor of unaccustomed form. It is old, and worn, and faded. It is an article of common use, hardly of luxury. It is a veteran, and has seen hard service. Discharged, it now reposes in peace.

It is surely time that I should give you its name.

An old, once green, defaced silk umbrella, with stout handle and frame, somewhat torn, a little greased; as I told you unbeautiful, it seems strange indeed that it should find a place amidst the articles that ornament Mrs. Woburn's rooms. It is a relic, evidently—a talisman. And this is the story which the dear old lady tells of it:

"The umbrella?—Yes. There are prettier things doubtless, more curious, but not one to which attaches a deeper personal interest. As I look at it there unfolds before me the panorama of the struggling days of my life—its hopes and fears, its cares and toils, its strifes and its successes.

"It was at the darkest period of my life that the idea of that umbrella had its inception. I did not enjoy its reality and use at first, nor for a long time.

"I have told you how poor we were when the boys were young, and how little my husband was able to accomplish for the support of the family. He did not drink, nor smoke. He had no bad habits. He was an unsuccessful man. Nothing that *he* touched turned to gold, and with some men, you know, it is entirely different. I think he had no lofty ambitions. A very little contented him, too little I sometimes thought, as the boys grew up and their wants became numerous.

"As for myself, I was ready to conform to circumstances; but I could not bear to see my boys pinched, and I added my efforts in attempting to increase our scanty store.

"My husband's brothers were successful men. They accumulated property. They added to their resources, they extended their business. They were likely to become rich and influential. And as they advanced, we receded. Ambrose lost hope and courage; and as the expenses of living increased, not all his efforts and mine were sufficient—not to enable us to live as Mark and Joseph did, but to make us comfortable.

"At the time when the state of things to which I refer was at its climax, we were living in a house which belonged to Mark and Joseph, and stood in the rear of the two comfortable houses they occupied and the store where their business was carried on. Ambrose no longer carried on a separate business. The languor and weakness, which his brothers called laziness, but which at last ended in that strange half-paralyzed condition of body, and half-imbecile condition of mind in which his last days were spent, had begun to settle like a pall upon all his efforts. He knew that some dire fate was upon him, but as yet was unable to comprehend it, if indeed he ever did know under what a doom he rested.

"At this period I added all my efforts to his small and feeble ones. Our two boys were already earning boys' small wages, and we had so far contrived to keep the wolf from the door of the small tenement which our brothers allowed us to inhabit free of rent.

"I knew they despised Ambrose, while their wives, already developing into fine ladies in the sunshine of prosperity, did not hesitate to express their disapprobation and disgust. But they sinned without knowledge, and their truly womanly kindness in the coming days eradicated all the bitterness that was born there amidst our darkness.

"But this darkness still existed. Ambrose had earned a few shillings that week, and had spent his time in heavy slumber from which it was difficult to arouse him, or in listless idleness. All the household affairs were upon my shoulders, but beyond them I had spent the time with my needle, and there was a nicely packed parcel of finished garments ready to be returned this Saturday night, for which I expected to receive money enough to carry me safely over the coming week.

"Of course it was necessary to take them down town, but as the day waned the skies opened their floodgates, and quick, drenching showers fell. I watched these unpromising skies in vain. I tried to rouse Ambrose, thinking he might attend to this business, but could not break his heavy slumber. I saw at last that I must go. And then I remembered that I had no umbrella in the house, and I thought it impossible to go without one. I made ready for my journey, and, running quickly across the yard, knocked at the basement door of Joseph's house, and asked the cook to inquire if her mistress would lend me an umbrella. The servant returned presently with a message that her master had taken out the only one they possessed.

"I turned to Mark's house. I had always been treated more superciliously there, and was scarcely surprised, though sorely disappointed, when informed that 'the mistress had only her new silk umbrella, and did not wish to lend that.' I made no answer, but turned away into the pouring rain. My heart was sick, and the drenching that was inevitable had no terrors for me.

As I passed out into the street, I saw Mrs. Mark looking from the window. I think she relented, for her countenance fell, and she beckoned me to pause. But I paid no heed to her. Under certain provocation one becomes careless of all personal comforts and interests, and I strode away through the rain, forgetting that I ought to preserve health and life by all possible means for my children's sake.

"Of course I was thoroughly drenched. For though I rode most of the way, one soon gets wetted in such a rain. But my employers were not like the conventional employers of the stories. They were humane, honorable men, who respected those who served them well. They treated me kindly, made me dry myself by the great hot stove that drove the dampness from the store, and hunted up a somewhat shabby, but whole, umbrella, which they not only bade me carry home, but not take the trouble of returning. So it chanced that I returned to my home in somewhat better plight and spirits than I left it.

"I found Ambrose in the same deep slumber, and I had time to relieve myself of my wet clothing and spread our frugal meal before the boys returned to partake of it.

"It was that night when I told my story of the refusal of the umbrella, that Walter, my youngest, then a boy of eleven, recorded his vow that the moment he was able to earn and save the money for an umbrella, 'mother should have as good an one as could be bought, for her very own, not to be loaned to, or used by any one but herself.' I smiled at this, and remember inquiring if the golden rule was to be forgotten, much to Walter's discomfiture, who first experienced that night, I fancy, the conflict most ardent souls at some period undergo, between duty and principle. And then, for a long time, I think the matter of the umbrella was forgotten among us.

"By and by the hour for retiring came, and Ambrose was to be wakened. The heavy sleep, with its stertorous breathing, continued; and now, when we essayed to wake him, could not be broken. That was a dreadful night, and we feared must be the last for the stricken man; and not for days did we cease to watch for the end whose coming we feared. Ambrose never recovered, though after a time some portion of his olden strength returned, and I was relieved from the closeness of my watch. Sad as the time was it was the beginning of better days for me.

"The brothers were stricken with shame for their unbelief and unkindness. Now that they saw that poor Ambrose was actually incapacitated, and that his family could no longer depend upon him for support, they were ready with help and kind counsel. By their aid, I was soon established in the business by which I pushed my fortunes, comfortably, and provided a home for my poor husband and my little, industrious boys. We were successful from the first and beyond our highest expectations.

"It was hard work, however, and I had many and burdensome cares. Good health and the blessing of God enabled me to sustain them. My boys were the dearest comfort to me, and such a help! When Willie set off on his voyage to South America, I thought I could hardly sustain the parting from him and allow him to leave me, though fortune portrayed for him such flattering prospects. But he went; and Walter was left behind, his mother's sole comfort.

"It was just at this time that the boy entered upon the new employment in which he has been so successful. He was then first able to fulfil the long recorded vow. When the first installment of his salary was paid, he brought me the umbrella so long ago promised. It was perfect as he had promised, and on the handsome, solid handle gleamed the silver plate on which my name was engraved.

"Here it is! the memorial of my struggles and my boy's devotion. For years of my toiling, care-filled life I used it for its legitimate object; and now that I have left all the dark, anxious days behind, and here in Walter's elegant home have settled down to my closing years of ease, I love to look at it and recall event by event, the joy and the bitterness, the sorrows and the compensations of the past.

"Work has not made the bitterness of my lot. The terrible affliction, the long, death-like years that dragged over my poor husband's head were hard to bear,—harder, by far, than the gentle loosing by death of the bands that bound him to earth. That, and Willie's long absence, have been my hardest, most corroding sorrows.

"And now the evening shadows are falling—solemn, but beautiful. Willie and Walter are with me,—my loving children. Ambrose has gone before, but he will know me when we meet on the thither shore, I think. I am happy, and the lights of earth die brightly!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

A new-married couple in Minnesota having become disgusted with each other, went to the Justice of the Peace who married them and requested him to "undo the thing." This he agreed to do, if the husband would let the wife have the household furniture, cow and pigs. The husband gladly assented to the conditions, whereupon the Justice "unmarried" them, and then went with the woman to a clergyman and was married to her himself.

In a certain district in France the undertakers have *struck* for a re-adjustment of prices. They get liberally paid for "running" the funerals of the rich, but are inadequately remunerated for their services at the funerals of the poor; and as about thirteen poor people die to one rich person, the undertakers "demand either a re-adjustment of prices, or else that a larger proportion of the wealthy classes shall die!"

An aged widower—rich but respectable—having married a very young wife, came home one day during the honeymoon, and hearing that his spouse was in the garden playing with some of her former school-mates, ran out to rebuke her for her levity, but was suddenly "set down" by her calling out to him, "Go into the house, you old fool; we don't want you in the play!"

At one of those silly and odious gatherings known as "tin-weddings," which came off lately in Vermont, the festivities were suddenly interrupted by the disappearance of the bride, who had taken that occasion to elope with a young fellow, carrying with her nearly all the "tin" that her husband had saved up during the ten years of his married life."

A "lovely girl" in Wisconsin recently recovered $1400 damages in a breach-of-promise suit against a perfidious lover. Her lawyer congratulated her on the amount, when she exclaimed, with a ferocious glance at the mulcted defendant, and nervously clenching her fingers, "I'd give every cent of it just to have one good pull at his hair!"

A gentleman from Nevada being asked by an old lady in relation to the welfare of a favorite scapegrace of a nephew who had gone to that State, was informed that "the young man had died from *early rising*." This puzzled the old lady very much, until, by dint of inquiry, she learned that "early rising" is the Nevada phrase for *hanging*.

A ragged little boy being kindly accosted and presented with some candy by a very tall man, looked up at his benefactor and in a tone of sympathy asked, "Doesn't your head feel giddy and dizzy?" "No, my child; why do you ask?" "Because it's way up there so far from the ground!" The gentleman passed on.

Two gentlemen, one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happening to see an owl, the last said: "That bird is very much like a Woodcock." "You are very wrong," said the first, "for it's Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A small man having been dubbed "the little rascal" in the community where he lived, was asked one day in public why he had been so called. "To distinguish me from my neighbors," he at once answered, "who are all *great* rascals."

"Papa," said a boy, "ought the teacher to flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did it to-day when I did not do any sum."

"John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Simon, I really don't know, but it strikes me it was a pound of sugar."

"I have tried almost everything," said a lean, old miser to a friend, "to make me fatter, but nothing seems to do me any good." "Suppose you try a little meat!" replied the friend.

General Hancock, in speaking of the scalpings perpetrated of late by the Indians of the "far West," remarked that "they were probably collecting their poll-taxes."

A chap, who was told by a tract-peddler to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had been in trouble enough already about other men's wives.

"Worth makes the man." "Just so: a man is usually valued in exact proportion to what he is worth."

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A store-keeper and his clerk, in Scranton, Penn., recently shut up a little boy, only eight years old, in the coal-vault of the store, over night, on pretence that he had stolen a ball. The child was attacked by rats, in the night, and in his terror forced his way through the coal-hole out upon the side-walk, where he was found by his mother about day-light, she having been hunting for him all night. The child's father compromised the outrage with the store-keeper for $500, instead of leaving him to the due course of the law which he had outraged.

A man and woman living in the town of Sorel, Canada East, some time ago confederated together to kill the husband of the latter, preliminary to their own marriage. They succeeded in accomplishing the murder, were found out, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was carried out the other day as to the man, and the woman looked on from her cell window, and saw him hanged, knowing that she would soon come to a like fate.

Two little boys, respectively aged five and six years, left Dayton, Ohio, one day lately, armed with bows and arrows, with the avowed determination to proceed to the Rocky Mountains to hunt grizzly bears. They were pursued, caught about three miles west of Dayton, where they had tarried to practice with their weapons on a lot of calves in a barn-yard.

A man in Newbern, N. C., recently bought an old army-mattress for a trifle, and on ripping it open found a roll of greenbacks in it. Old army-mattresses were immediately in great demand, and much ripping was done, but no more greenbacks were found, although a good many oaths were "ripped out" by some of the profane operators.

A respectable but verdant citizen of Wethersfield, Conn., having invited a "pleasing stranger," whom he met, a few nights ago, on the steamer Elm City, to share his state-room with him, was robbed by the pleasant fellow of $5000 in bank-notes and a portion of his wearing apparel.

A man in Minnesota married a young girl, had her life heavily insured, and then, "accidentally" shot her with a pistol which he was ostensibly cleaning. He has been indicted for her murder, and no doubt the insurance company will see that he is fairly hanged.

The Hebrews of Baltimore have adopted the Christian Sunday-school plan, the schools to meet on the Christian instead of the Jewish Sabbath. The three Rabbis of Baltimore are stated to be at the head of the movement.

The people of Bordeaux, France, are said to be heavily afflicted with caterpillars, which not only infest the streets and yards to an intolerable degree, but also pervade the houses multitudinously and disgustingly.

A Miss Lloyd, who has recently come into possession of an extensive landed estate in Scotland, is accused of having evicted all her tenants, because they allowed their wives and daughters to wear crinoline.

While a clergyman living near Macon, Ill., was clearing out a well on his place, he was precipitated to the bottom by the breaking of a rope on which he was supporting himself, and instantly killed.

As a young man named Milo Smith was adjusting a new saw in a sawmill at Westmore, Vt., the machinery was carelessly started, and he was torn so badly by the saw that his life was despaired of.

Two little boys were poisoned a few days ago in Voluntown, Conn., with drugged liquor; a great excitement followed the discovery of the fact, but nobody was lynched.

A man who was acquitted of a charge of murder the other day in Philadelphia, on the ground of insanity, recovered his reason immediately afterwards.

It is reported that a boy-preacher, only eleven years old, has "appeared" in Wales, who is destined to eclipse all British competitors of whatever age.

Such a ravaging flood has been raging along the valley of the Missouri that, since its subsidence, it is difficult to find the river's channel.

The farmers and stock-raisers of New Hampshire have fifteen millions of dollars invested in horses, cattle, and milch cows.

There were 364,298 recorded marriages in the United States last year.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN;

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

I.

RHETORICAL CULTURE.

BY REV. ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

All education may be resolved into two processes, answering to a simple but exhaustive classification of our intellectual powers, as either receptive or communicative. By the culture of the former is meant not merely acquisition in the narrower sense, as of memory; but whatever accumulates and strengthens the mind, as the mathematics and metaphysics. In the culture of the latter, we include all direct preparation for good discourse. By the receptive faculty, we build up ourselves; by the communicative, we give our ourselves. By the one we gain, by the other transmit; by the latter we dispense them. The two forms of culture are thus indicated as intimately and vitally correlated—hence we mention them both. Our theme, however, is the training of the communicative nature, or, in ordinary phrase, Rhetorical Culture—although as the term properly does, both composition and elocution.

I. We unite, in the first place, its importance. It is regarded, in the first, as a source of the purest and most elevated enjoyment. There is no joy, indeed, like the consciousness of mastery and acquiring wisdom and power is good. But there is a higher pleasure in knowing that another is a sharer with us in it—that it is partly blessed to give than to receive." Some of our most delightful companionships are found in the strange freedom of private conversation; but there is a higher delight—a fusion of gladness, something like self-fold and successful public discourse. The orator's power is in it—like what's approach to the emotional love of achievement. Nothing perhaps, is so akin to divine might—so much the serious energy by which God melds a living soul into beauty and nobleness, and by which wills—the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves and the tumult of the people"—as the influence of an eloquent speaker over a sea of upturned faces; calling forth smiles and tears at alternately, touching all the susceptibilities of the soul, determining for the time, and perhaps for all time, its moods and purposes. There is a happy reaction, too, of all great virtuosos. The heart warms as the tongue is loosed, and

"Thoughts disentangle passing over the lips."

But rhetorical culture is of still greater consequence as a means of usefulness. It brings itself with our social nature, and so with the highest ends of our being. What avail, in this regard, all our acquisitions, unless we know how to communicate them? Learning is but hid treasure; virtue is comparatively a hermit. In vain, at least, of the learned profession, is the legal and the clerical, the gift of communication is indispensable. The lawyer who has not at his bridle the electric cord between himself and the jury, the minister who grieves not his flock with "words that burn," as well as "thoughts that breathe," may indeed be sound, but not on the height of an honest and honorable aspiration. As to the clergy, especially, one-third the good speaking is becoming more and more recognized as a necessity. Even where the habit of knowledge does often, if the truth were known, far lacking, there is power enough in them, but it runs—how to get out, or it comes out awkwardly and feebly. And so it is, in every calling—especially in a land like ours, where speech as well as thought is free—and places are open to all persons, where every man has a voice and a responsibility as to its use—in the nation; where speech as well as thought is unbarred and all powerful; what motives have all men to work as they may, rhetorical skill? It is called for in the debating club, in the political assembly, in the district gathering, in the town meeting, at festivals and anniversaries, in the State legislature, in the halls of Congress, in many a place of influence along the speaking pathway of the thousand young men in a class. It is the impression of some—and not altogether a false one, I fear—that our schools and colleges have been somewhat deficient in this regard; and the larger recent provision for rhetorical culture in some of them is welcomed by the wise. Give me learning—the more the better—but give us also "the tongue of the learned." Let the power to speak well be provided in the programme of every student.

2. Effort will be manifested, however, unless the relation of rhetorical training to what we have termed receptive culture is properly regarded. To be certain, in other words, to what are called the natural powers of the mind, that the interest in our subject fail by many young men, an interest fostered as far as it may be gained, by our despotism. The mind, however, is often a radical and fatal mistake. To this limit just referred to is overlooked.

The notion prevails that eloquence is something in itself—an attainment not necessarily connected with any other—a sort of affusion that comes upon a man with no preparation or effort of his own, save, perhaps, a sort of spasmodic striving, and a therefore hasty. Few of a man's pulpits stinking of a poor empty head, and a fearing to failure or a passion raised can only scarcely imagine how. The original of this picture who has not sometimes seen? I remember a clergyman, who after some not very brilliant years of professional labor, fell, it was said, into a new way of preaching, dispensing with all previous study, and depending upon the moment "coming to him." They did come, perhaps, in greater number than the hearers, the best of being, I had reason to believe, "like angel visits."

Let the young man who would be eloquent remember that there can be no giving out without taking in. In the intellectual economy, habits of calmness must be also habits of digest- "Reading," says my Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man;" and it is only a full man who can be, in the highest sense, an orator. The ever surfacious stream must have its origin among broad, golden sheets; else the snake which glitter for a time will become soon as the evanescent grains. This need not be proved surely, only emphasized. Important to say; and it will once or twice, how well continuously without large resources and constant acquisition! The heavens mean rain often, or the fountains will be dry. One of Luther's right requisites for a good preacher was, "He should make an art of a virtue;" by which I understand that he should have a doctrine, a set empty words—and only that the true one. "Full men" have the greatest command of words and matters these been—such as Demosthenes, Cicero, the elder and the younger Pitt, Canning, Burke, Bossuet, Chalmers, Webster, Guizot, Everett. They have laid every resin of knowledge, and have thus become the masters of the best and of the modern orators. Pearls from every sea, and gems from every mine have been gathered their portion. With hands have tried, they have laid deep the foundations of their public eloquence. No more flashes of extemporaneous genius have their utterances been than the building by the ancient and most practiced musical discipline has been abundantly evident.

There is not a single study, indeed, in the fullest curriculum of the schools, but is conducive to the highest rhetorical excellence. So Mathematics, as it possesses attention, and the power of concentrated, closely considered, and comprehensive thought. So the unity of language—and the ancient classics particularly—as it trains the mind to careful comparison, to the balancing of probabilities, to the appreciations and appreciations of ideas, to the choice, as it improves the taste, and gives skill and facility and copiousness of expression. So natural science, as it disciplines the perceptive faculty, and gives the habit of accurate generalization and classification; as, with its manifold typology, it furnishes the materials of all good illustration and rhetorical description. The most popular of living American preachers is well known, by his own confession for the charm of his discourses, to his habitual study of natural science. The subject matter—to his ability to speak of "trees, from the cedar that grows by the wall, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and "also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." All like use his mental science, as it promotes self-knowledge, and thus the right management of the heart. So the objects the rhetorician works upon are the human soul with, and the human heart. The simply teaching, and enabling us to teach, by example, the order in which we should present our subject to his material, or to the habits of mind where we would address. And it is by patience in every act of recitation, which confirms often the ideas of thought, and the habit of language prepared for and performed, a most admirable discipline, both moral and mental performance.

3. We glance next at the methods of rhetorical culture, and shall limit the range of the subject which has filled many volumes. Assuming that general principles are to be taken for granted, as we have already hinted, to all continuous composition.

(1.) So through in particular study. In the study, we mean, of eloquence, whether pastoral exercise, whether it be composition merely, or whether it be both. The former requires greater extemporaneousness in the strictest sense—and the latter, clearly, as it is the more full exercises they will be greatly aided by their general preparation. The one is a preparation for ordinary exercises thus, when time can be secured and thought. The written speaker may give himself greater license; but even he will do well to prepare himself for the duty that portions called "broken sit." No will be a hard-common mood of falling into "set and stiff" delicacies. We do but counsel what the writer himself has often been written or spoken—to prepare himself for the occasion, whether it be young men's debating club, or "fatal facility," as well in oratory as in poetry, which has done harm to both. We might have had a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, and a place at the bar, and a lawyer who had marvellous readiness of utterance, but had absolved in great measure, from the necessity of easily on any subject, anywhere,—superficially, of course; a man who would have been a preeminent speaker, but never could have given him professorship, because he was not a thorough and eminent success. A man slow of speech at first, contrary often for a long time, to his best self-confident competitor, it may be will for the permanent success. Patience is the first requisite, to pay pebbles in his mouth.

(2.) Keeping in view the suggestion just made, let one who would excel as a rhetorician seize every opportunity for practice in public exercises. It is practice that makes perfect in everything, and eminently in oratory. There may be particular acquisitions, or rules will avail without the practice which is necessary to make it a perpetual attainment. It reveals and corrects defects. It gives the habit of ready expression of ideas—it gradually confirms the whole being to the right use of the right word. It is the secret for Peel, of Webster, of Vernaud, one of the best orators in Congress, of Everett, of the best orators of the day. It is the secret of frequent practice in speaking. He never was a great extemporaneous speaker who did not by continued practice of self-discipline after long years, overcome the habit of falling into "set and stiff" delicacies. The power of extemporizing was the result of a severe practice, and not a gift of nature. The best passages in speech in the bright conversants flower of all times have been the result of a severe practice that we must work for it. It is work the price of excellence.

(3.) Let the manner of utterance receive due attention. Some have specially recommended for what the ancients called pronunciation, has been held in the highest estimation. "Action, action," say they, "and all will be well. The study of manner will be found to be a great help, not just as rules of composition, if ill-formed or ill-expressed, but as a means of delivery. It is not so in such result. Good rules are true to nature. They are simply a classification of what we analysis, of nature's ways. The sum of all good training, to show us how. That also is a mistake of supposing that the mere possession of good thoughts and clear ideas is sufficient. Cases with the royal houses of Europe in order to give them such a subject, and repeating for the time when the situated marriageable age, for the sake of the public, and the good of the people, daughter illegitimate. Her mother, like most of these unfortunates, was most loved and associated Catholic, and early imbued her daughter's mind with the faith of Rome. Upon the reputation of her mother she was separated from Elizabeth was born, Mary was still living at her mother's house in Dublin, and was not allowed to see upon her mother and upon herself, she refused to see her daughter. This cold inconsistency in consequence banished from the king's palace the only acknowledge the king an head of the English Church, and to convince the supremacy of the Pope. She consented to subscribe to this abjuration; upon which she king treated her once more as his daughter, and gave her an establishment suitable to her rank. Thus, as Elizabeth professed to be a Catholic to secure her own safety, so Mary feigned to be a Protestant to re-establish herself in her father's favor.

During the short reign of her brother, Edward the Sixth, she remained on the most friendly terms with the court; the reformed service to be performed in her house. When the last change called Edward her to her mansion at Essex, he sternly commanded her to attend the service of the mass in the religious usages established by the royal authority. Her resistance was firm, but not to shaken; for she was well aware of the compassionate and pliant disposition of the young king.

"I will lay down my head upon the block," said she to the chancellor, "and let it be severed from my body, rather than change my manner of worship. If my chaplain will not say the mass, I shall not hear it; they can do in that matter what they think proper; but the new service shall not be performed in my house, for as to it, it shall be my house no longer."

She continued to hear the mass, and her brother, toward the close of his short life, excluded her from the throne. His sudden death, however, prevented the execution of the ordinance to set aside, and after a brief struggle she was seated firmly on the throne of her father and her fathers.

She immediately re-established the ancient worship in all its rigor. The Catholic bishops, whom her brother had removed from office, she restored to their seats. A Catholic bishop was appointed her prime-minister. The ceremony of her coronation was performed by Catholic bishops and by the mass. She showed a bitter Protestant clergymen. The Archbishop of York was placed in custody, and committed to the prison.

Mary, it was then the most powerful monarch in Europe, and the great support of the papal power. Her zeal for the Catholic religion determined as far as to ask his advice upon the best mode of re-establishing it in the realm of England, and to which he recommended to her a husband who could assist her in the great work. The crafty emperor proposed his own son Philip, whom the queen immediately accepted. She was then thirty-seven years of age, and much worn by sickness and anxiety.

The English parliament, which had not known to question the will of the sovereign, seconded with her husband. Only one voice was raised to declare the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon invalid, and therefore the illegitimacy of Elizabeth, their future queen. They also passed the statutes which had been of Edward VI., suppressing the new prayer-book, restoring the Catholic sacraments, declaring the marriage of the princess, reviving the ancient festivals, and the penalties of death for the power of nominating bishops. The mass was immediately performed in all the churches of England, and all the work of reformation appeared to be undone. Elizabeth, in the midst of sudden and violent changes, together with the prospect of seeing a Spanish Catholic king at the head of the queen, professed a formidable imperturbation, which, however, was not free from depressed and airy of the ring-leaders were banished.

As the consequence of the late rebellion of the head of Prince Philip, the small of thirty-eight members of the council. Only three of who was her ardor diminished by the fact that the bloody and unpopular Prince had not accompanied to write a letter to the lady whose downfall was a kingdom. Elizabeth, in the meantime, lost her young Prince should conceive an aversion to her person. He remained in England but a short length, and the marriage was celebrated with the usual pomp and splendor. The new king was proclaimed by heralds and by sound of trumpet throughout the realm. The music

THE GOLDEN SULK.

BY DR. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

Are there many, do you think,
In this world's captious ranks,
Who, to common claims and charge
Can plead such flimsy cranks
Sagacity in the fidgets,—
"See ye nary others do,
That you would they did to you?"

Say that I am weak of will—
You a confessed strength display;
If I fail, you saner and stolid:
"Am I not like you person, and must
If Ah! need were mine, to-day?"
"See ye nary others do,
That ye would they did to you?"

Count me, I, and you high born;
If I rise, and call you mate,
You your haughty head withhold:
Am I not like the Rose of God?
"See ye nary others change of state?"
See ye nary others
That ye would they did to you?"

You have power, and I no jot;
I'm rich, and you a sot;
You much want what will not bend;
Am I not power nam cranny and can?—
"If ye were the stubborn reed?"
"See ye nary others do,
That ye would they did to you?"

Still, through all the science of Life
In this garden Rose of Truce
Read sorry: "It is," we say,
"For you must be human clay"—
Serious and Fluttered," himself—
"See ye nary others do,
What ye would they did to you?"

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "ENTHRALLED," "THE HAUNTED," "HELP-MATE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

GENERAL LYON'S CONSOLATION.

In this dire world of clouding cares
The purest mortal will sometimes find
A fleecy cloud lowering up his shade
To screen his sunshine from the blaze of GLORY.

After the last guests were gone, the house was very quiet.

General Lyon went up to his study.

Drusilla lingered a little while below to give orders to the servants.

"Close up all the rooms on this floor now. Master nothing until morning. I wish everything to be kept very still so that the General may rest entirely free from the fatigue of this exciting day. Marcy, have the tea served in my sitting-room, where her little Lemuel was laughing, crowing and screaming in his nurse's arms.

"Ah! so think as he's beside himself, ma'am," said Marcy, as she gave her over the wriggling, as long as he chose. When I had him out in the lawn there, under the trees, playing and the ladies and gentlemen were dancing, he jumped so as I could hardly keep him from leaping out of my arms."

"He did enjoy it as much as any of us, didn't he, Miss?" said the young mother, standing and smiling over the nurse and child.

"Oh, didn't he though, ma'am? Look at him now! He'll be for dancing out of my arms and coming in all on, even after he would went away. He didn't cry, mam, but he made such signs, and this he fought. You indeed he did, ma'am, he fought he in the days because I brought him in."

"Why, Pina, I can hardly believe it?"

"But, yes, may, ma'am! Oh, he's got a will of his own, he has! I couldn't make my peace with him until I had lighted all the wax candles in the room. For what an illumination there to, ma'am! Enough to lifted my body but a top back. And when I got to get him undressed. He wouldn't have his finery off for ever so long. He wanted to dance in it. And then, after I had loosened it and got it off little by little, and undressed him, would you be lieve, ma'am? he wanted to dance in his nightgown! A North-American Indian! I have got his night gown on at last; though how I ever got it on, for he kicked and dashed, and fought, and cried, as for his little red shoes, I'd defy mortal human women to get them of his feet, except by main force! When Gem was even sleeping out of bed, to smeleen paid of boots instead of one."

"Lemuel will be a mamma take of the house," said Drusilla, knocking by the baby's feet and marking as easy.

Lemuel would let his mamma do a great many things to him, but he would by no means let her remove his red shoes. His little legs flew so fast in motion that no one could see how cold one from the other.

"He means never to part with them, ma'am," laughed Pina.

"We can take them off when he goes to sleep," smiled Drusilla.

"But they are made in his eyes, ma'am, he won't be for hurts!" Best keep awake to watch the nurse-maid. Children gracious and Saints! My arms are almost pulled out of their sockets holding him to dance!"

"I will take him presently, Pina, as soon as I can get my tea," said Drusilla.

And she sat down, one of the wives of rence, her mantilla and bonnet, and her pretty little face quite flushed with excitement, but yet on a plain head, while Gem's wax candles burned around her, and her child played with them.

Then she took her dancing baby; but not to put him to sleep just yet. Little Master Lemuel had a duty to do before he could be put to bed. He carried it out in the most solemn manner with her own pretty private parlor.

The nurse-maid followed. A small child of all would be very acceptable this chilly May evening, with its cheerful blaze.

The branches with its snowy damask drawn up over the right side of the table.

Marcy was in attendance.

"Oh, I'm so tired, mamma! Now do just wait while I bring the General in, and then you can serve tea," said Drusilla, as with her baby in her arms she passed out into the hall and on to the General's study.

She opened the door.

The little room was dark and chill, but the lights from the hall shone in, and revealed to her the figure of the General sitting in his old easy chair, with his arms folded on it, and his head bowed, and shoulders drooping, in the attitude of deep depression, of deep sorrow of mind.

Drusilla's dread rang out in a sharp cry of fear, as she stood in the doorway as one rooted to the floor.

She had not thought her heard her approach. He was not disturbed by the influx of light. He did not look round, he still sat down.

But she stood in spit, silenced to breathe: the last beams of old love dying just as I do, had not yet been breathed, his passage brother, died that way not three years since!—died sitting in his chair by his Christmas fire, surrounded by his whole family and friends! died with nothing on earth to provoke death! died from no extremes, no grief, no disease apparently!

And here was the elder brother, a man of this constitution, who had been severely tried this day by the parting from his beloved and only surviving child, and now had come away to this chill, dark room, and had sat in solitude for an unknown time!

Drusilla's conscience smote her acutely for what she called the false and fatal delicacy that had prevented her from following him immediately to his retreat.

Oh! if he should be dead, dead alone in this bleak room, she would never forgive herself, though she had done all for the best.

All these thoughts and feelings flashed like lightning through her mind and heart in the moment that she stood paralyzed on the door.

Then full of awe, scarcely breathing, she crept near him, but her hand upon his shoulder, and murmured softly:

"Uncle!"

"My darling," responded the old man, looking up with a sad smile.

"Thank Heaven!" fervently aspirated Drusilla.

"What is the matter, my darling? What troubles you?" gently questioned the old gentleman, perceiving her alarm.

"I—I found you sitting here in the cold and dark, and I feared that something—ailed you. Nothing does?"

"Nothing, my child, except a little natural but unwise regret. Certainly, she had to marry. It is a woman's destiny. And it is so well that in marrying she will not have to leave me. Still, still I feel it, darling. She was all I had left in the world."

"She will be back in three weeks, dear Uncle; and so soon that we shall scarcely have time to get the house set in order again for her reception. And now will you look at little Lenny?

"I am your godfather, sir. Treat me with more respect, and don't be taking me for your equal!"

Now he turned his bright face, and held out the night hand to receive the tender child, saying:

"I am very glad to get home, sir, and gladder still to see you."

Anna led Gene to embrace Drusilla.

"How happy I am to see you again?" she said. "Oh, I am so happy," answered Drusilla, smiling.

"How well you are looking, dear?" exclaimed Anna to the other, speaking simultaneously.

"And now, Dick, give me little Lemuel; I want to look at him! Remember, sir, if you are his godfather, I am his godmother, and have my rights. Don't be trying to monopolize!" marked impressive by 'claiming the child," said Anna, holding out her hands for the boy.

"I shall never attempt to assert man's prerogative against woman's rights!" laughed Dick, placing the child in her arms, and then going to the table to receive his wages, which was now unloaded of all the luggage it had brought, and was ready to go.

"Good night, Anna, my dear! I expect you to return by such a very rude and primitive conveyance as that!" laughed the General, as the great old wagon rattled and rumbled past on its way back.

"Couldn't get any other, dear grand-pa! The Flowing Yankees' don't boast a carriage of any description except ship."

"If I had only known, I could have sent the coach to meet you. I should have sent it anyway that afternoon."

"But you wouldn't have had me to wait till the afternoon for it, dear grandpa?" laughed Anna.

"Oh, no, no, no! by no means! Only, if I had but known, I could have so easily sent it. Such a convenience for a lady to come in! exclaimed the old gentleman, as he gazed after the retreating wagon that rather jumped and bounced along than rolled.

"Oh! delightful! It was better than a hard trotting-horse! I like to be tossed as much as Master Lemuel himself does! It has given me such a shaking up and such an appetite for breakfast as I never had before in my life!" laughed Anna.

"Oh, exactly! exactly! so you must be! Dreen, Dreen, my dear!" chuckled the old gentleman, looking around for his young favorite's companion.

But Drusilla had already vanished within to give her orders.

"And now, dear grandpa, I will go to my room and have my polished guide to myself for me, and I know where to find it. Dick, see that the luggage is put up," said Anna, tending to go in the house.

But she stood at the door by all the household servants, who had learned her arrival from the wagon-load that came out to welcome her.

Hands were shaken and good-wishes heartily uttered and warmly returned, and then Anna passed on to her apartment.

More than half an hour she hurried down stairs, looking fresh and blooming in her white dress and with her child in her arms.

The fatally wave waiting for her in the breakfast room, and at once the meal was served. She was greeted again and seated in the pleasantest seat at the table.

All the windows were open, and all the doors between the dining and drawing-room. Gene filled the place. The morning sunshine played upon the newly polished plate, the fragrant tea steamed with every luxury of drapery; the scenes of the dark night before, the darkness that was gone, the clouds, and the lightnings performed their disappearing-trick through the sunlit, winged flowers. And the song of the thrush in the neighbor-hood was over-poured by the mocking-bird from the acacia tree.

"Is not this beautiful morning! And what a beautiful scene! All our travels, grandpa, we did not see anything more lovely than this!" said Anna, enthusiastically.

"I am glad you think so, my dear; but great allowance must be made for your natural attach ment to your birth-place," smiled the General, with a fond, proud air.

"Now, Drusilla, what do you say?" inquired Anna, appealing to her friend.

"I have not seen very much of the world to compare with what you have seen, dear, still, I think, you are right, Anna. It is a sweet old place. It is perfectly beautiful, and besides it seems to me that every one who was ever born here, and has lived here, must have been very good and loving, and that their spirits still hover around the home of their birth and childhood, warmly.

"Now, you will make me so much in love with my home that I shall not like to grow old and go away from it," laughed Anna, rising.

"Dear uncle, please to believe that there is not the slightest danger of your dear old, much less die before your century is completed. Now, I'll go on so, I shall think that you are treating your loving children very badly," said Anna.

"My dear?"

"Yes, I think the desire of most people who die, come of their indifference to the power and love which surrounds them in life. Now, I think that you have the power to live on in the most delightful way for your loving sake for one hundred years at the very least, and now, if you don't, I shall think that you are very ill-natured indeed, and I won't do it, uncle!"

"Here, I call you to witness, Drusilla, that she has given me my orders!"

"I hope you will! for you know I expect you to be 'the last rose of summer' in the garden of your native, a Nobler, a judge or a general, within your own old home, and I shall come and expect an choker of a grandchild, or even President of the United States, and I shall expect you to be in spite of all, and you cannot tell what you may be, unless you live to try!"

"Do you intend to live your century out, Drusilla?"

"If it please Providence, yes; for I shall try to accomplish it, if I can, for your sake."

And when I shall be a hundred years old, my darling, I shall still be a very old, rugged child-pilot, or a retired archbishop or something, and you will be a very old lady, and never die! If you should be alive and merry then."

"Yes, yes, yes, but, if you are married, as little Pina."

"Nonsense, forfeit! People enough have lived to be a hundred and forty. Henry Jenkins lived to be more than a hundred and sixty, and then he did not die from old age, or from disease, but from a mere accident, a very simple accident, such as would have killed any man at any age.

"My dear niece, that case was a highly exceptional one."

"Well, and why shouldn't you make your own case the exception, dear uncle?"

"My dear, you are extravagant."

"Well, maybe; I am, in talking about a hundred and sixty-nine years; but I do positively intend upon your living a full century. So that is only the beginning."

"Well, darling, our prayers should be not so much for a long life as for a good life."

"I stand corrected," said Drusilla, reverently; "but for all that I insist upon the century; for I think it was the Lord's design that man should live so long."

"Let me live as long as my life can be of use to others and no longer," said the veteran.

"Your life is of use to others as long as it

GENERAL LYON, DRUSILLA AND LITTLE LEMUEL.

has some to tell you good-night, and to ask you to come and take tea with his mamma," said Drusilla, raising the boy on the old man's knee.

By no manner of baby-babble could little Leonard possibly tell his godfather good-night, or invite him to tea, but he would put his little arms around the veteran's neck, and press his face to the veteran's mouth, and laugh, and coo his love and joy.

"Ah! you never forgive me for being so fine gentish, so ungrateful as to say that I had no one but my Anna left me in the world, when I have little Lenny and his dear mother," said the old gentleman, pressing the child to his bosom, and dancing Drusilla in his chair. But oh! my dear, you must not be angry with me for my want of tact, and always will be with your human nature in all such cases. The shepherd of the scripture is one. He brought out of the fold and sing sheep, safe in the fold, but he shepherd of the one left.

"But Anna is nowhere to you, dear uncle. She is only lost to you for a time, only for a little while. Think, dear uncle, how much heritage of Anna and Dick you have got for a daughter, and gained a son."

"That is true, my dear."

"Think how devoted they are to you. They are as loyal to you as subjects to a sovereign."

"I know—I know."

"They will never have you unless you need them away."

"I know; I see what a morbid old fellow I have been."

"No, no, no! I think. Surely it is very natural that you should have such feelings; but it is also very foolish, and you should make them vanish."

"I will try, my dear, I will."

Little Leonard, fatigued by the former excitement, and by his little walk and his long solemnity of the discourse, had remained still for so short a time, but he was now beginning to succeed in praises and dance and express his joy in his own little silver language, which no one else seemed to understand.

And he almost too much for my stiff old nerves, thought the General, as he supported the jogging baby.

"Now, uncle, you must go to your room and have your nap, and I will take my little Lemuel home to his mamma," said Drusilla, as she put the child on the floor.

"Yes, this is pleasant after our day of excitement, and I will gladly avail myself of your kind offer, my dear," said the General, as he rose to go.

Drusilla sang, this is cozy, this is really very comfortable indeed," said the General, as he followed Drusilla into the drawing-room, and seated himself in the corner

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gives happiness to others, and therefore I insist upon the century," persisted Dreddie.

"Well, my dear, I have no particular objection," laughed the doctor, as they all arose from the table.

There came the beautiful wall around the grounds of the General with his darling grandchildren, all mingling on his arm, and Dick and Dreddie, and the nurse with the baby, numbering nine, in procession.

During this walk Anna gave her grandfather a very intelligent and entertaining description of her journey; and in return he told her how he and Dreddie had passed the time alone at home.

Dick assisted Dreddie with spirited sketches of travel.

When the windings of their walk brought them around home again, Dick proposed a game through the forest to Redmond Rocks to see the progress of the works there that he had thought, he now said, their competition.

And as all assented to the proposition, the General ordered the large six-seated family carriage; and the whole party, including little Leonard and his nurse, started for a long drive through the summer woods to Redmond House.

It was but twelve o'clock noon when they reached the house—an old mansion standing upon a high bowlder-like hill at the junction of Wild River with the Upper Potomac.

The woods grew up to the very garden wall, and clustered thick about it.

There were mountain brooks in the neighborhood, running down to the Wild River and swelling its stream before it fell into the Potomac.

The most fisherlee there were considered very fine in their season. And it was a part of the family programme for coming years to spend the fishing season at Redmond.

It was now the beginning of the trout fishing season, and as the General and Dick, having seen Dreddie and Anna safely in the house, proceeded to the rocks from Wild River, they were very rarely seeing company of any sort. I know that you, my dear reader, are a lover of fine scenery, romantic, picturesque, and the like. But I am not going to describe it to you, because I should be only saying the same thing over and over again. Suffice it to say, that the house had been well selected, never one whose surroundings were more beautiful.

Anna, and Dreddie, with the baby and the nurse, were following in the rear of the party of fishermen, where they had all their baskets and no doubt were to be used.

The house was not yet in order; nor could it be said to be in disorder—the papering, painting, fixing and gilding were not yet complete; but the handsome new furniture retained in its packing cases, and carpets and curtains and rugs and matting.

Governor Price and his wife occupied rooms in a wing of the building during the progress of the repairs; but they were to move to a neighboring cottage as soon as the house should be ready to receive the family.

Our party spent a very pleasant day at Redmond House.

Dreddie and Anna, with the baby and the nurse, wandered about the grounds and down to the banks of the river until they were tired, and they had sat down under the trees to rest and to talk.

About two o'clock General Lyon and Dick returned from the trout stream well laden with spoil.

They gave the fish to Mrs. Price, with a request that she would have them cooked for their dinner, and have the table set out in the open air between their broad oak trees where the shade was thickest.

At four o'clock they were called to dinner—a rough repast served al fresco.

There were plenty of fish, with mint sauce, and green peas; potatoes and lettuce, and for dessert, delicious strawberry and ice cream. That was all.

"But if I had known in time that you were coming, ladies and gentlemen, I would have got up something more scrumptious," said the worthy housekeeper, apologetically.

"And don't you dare to have done that, Mrs. Price," interposed the General, "spoiled the dinner. And all of us, members of my family and friends with him, will be proved their sincerity upon the edibles set before us to-day."

Immediately after dinner they were served with excellent coffee and tea.

Then the General ordered the carriage for their return home.

After another pleasant ride through the forest, they reached Old Lyon Hall at sunset.

"We have had a delightful day at your cider house, Dick," said the General, heartily.

"Our cider house, sir, if you please; for if Anna and myself are to be at home at the Lyon Hall during our period of rest at Redmond, Dreddie must be at home at Redmond House during mine, sir," said Dick.

"And when you wish to spend a winter in Washington you must all be at home with us at Cedarwood," added Dreddie.

"Agreed," agreed" said General Lyon, Anna and Dick all at once.

After the final evening they were pleasantly surprised by a visit from the Seymores.

It seems the two old gentlemen had got news of Anna's arrival and had come over with his wife and daughter, ostensibly to welcome home the bride and bridegroom; but really too glad of a good excuse to hear Dreddie sing and play.

They spent a long evening; and Dreddie gratified her old master and mistress with some fine music, in which she was ably assisted by Anna and Dick—Anna singing second and Dick tenor.

Early in the next week Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Seymore made a re-occasion to the Lyon Hall wedding. And when the appointed day came they had a party. Some of the bridegroom's friends had a crowded house with the coming and going of guests; and Dreddie had the satisfaction of hearing the wedding march performed on the piano.

And this reception was the greatest "lark" many of the servants had given to the newly married pair.

The first of a series was a ball at Cedarwood, which was duly honored by all the family and by all the Lyon Hall wedding party, of course.

Then there was an evening party with music, but not dancing, at the Reverend Dr. Herbert's.

Even the scientific medical practitioner at Rainsburg gave a card-tickling.

And these neighborhood festivities in honor of the bride were kept up in good old-fashioned country style for a month or six weeks.

On the first of July, Hammond House being quite ready for occupation, the whole party from Old Lyon Hall went there to spend a few weeks at the General neighborhood in the late favorite pastime of trout-fishing.

Here they remained until the first of September, when the near neighborhood of fresh water streams being considered unwholesome, they returned to Old Lyon Hall.

"And now," said Dreddie, when they were once more settled, "now it is my turn. Our next removal must be to Cedarwood."

"Are you an anxious to leave the 'sweet old home?'" inquired General Lyon, with a smile.

"Oh, no indeed. Only when we do go, we must go to Cedarwood."

"Agreed," said the General, "we will go next winter."

And so the matter was settled; for though all his young people were grown up and married, yet the word of the veteran soldier was law in the family circle.

During all this time Dreddie had not heard from Alexander or even expected to hear from him. She did not grieve after him. In the "sweet old home," in the love of her dear friends and in the caresses of her darling boy, she was almost as happy as it is given a mortal to be. But though she did not mourn over his absence, neither did she lose her interest in his welfare. She took the principal London and Paris papers upon the best possibility of gaining intelligence of his movements.

Once the London Punch paper in the list of visitors presented to the Queen at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms, mentioned a remarkable duplex duel.

On another occasion she saw him announced as one of the speakers at a public meeting at Manchester, in the North of England.

Again, he was named as the owner of the winning horse at certain world-renowned races, reported in Bell's Life.

That was all she knew about him.

Every week Dreddie received a splendid letters from her steward or housekeeper at Cedarwood.

"Mammy" chiefly discoursed of corn and cotton, and sheep and chickens and ducks and turkeys.

Mammy's "old rough" treated of the condition of the "crops," the health of the "horses," &c., &c., steadily and faithfully.

And Dr. Dreddie kept a pupil of that famous agricultural chemist, Dr. Morning Chinks, and was able to give instructions to her plantmanagers.

So, having a highly prosperous state of affairs at the little lady, until events occurred to change the current of her life.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ONLY SIXTEEN.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

As far back as I can remember and till I was sixteen, papa and I lived together at Thornleyfield, a country village in Yorkshire, where every rarely seeing company of any sort. I knew but papa, and Thornleyfield, and Thornley Manor, eccentric, misanthropic, and the like. But as I grew older I began to feel the monotony of the life I was leading, and to long for a change. I did not believe that there was in the world, and that he would see me in my best dress. When I told papa I had never been petted and idolized, never one whose every word and wish was anticipated and gratified, and whose every look and feature were very simple, because I was so happy. I was not beautiful, but I was young, and my mirror told me so, and papa and my governess said so.

Governess Price had been a governess for many years, and had never had a home of her own, which I should never be, but I had no present craving to be governess myself, since my mother I loved dearly, nearly shut in by rugged mountains on three sides, and a dense dark wood standing close to the house on the fourth, but a mixture of fertile level land and wild mountain scenery that I never tired of admiring. I love and beauty, it is not singular that I never thought of leaving it.

Mrs. Bailey, my governess, was a staid, dignified, and rather stiff lady when she first came to Thornleyfield, in my early childhood, and remained so during the whole time I knew her. She was a thoroughly accomplished woman in everything except the art of making herself agreeable to me so. My father being a man of accomplishments himself, could not be content with anything short of perfection.

Mrs. Bailey's weak in this simply pleasant life of mine was the death of my governess, whom I remember as very child, as the first grief I knew. Mrs. Bailey had stood to me almost in the place of mother, and I loved her with all my heart, and I wished her for another reason. There was a little bit of flattering in my vanity when I found that she like to lean upon her strength, as I did remember, and that Mr. Bailey's wife would be one was finally in my respect, it was in this way that I had my first lesson in love, and learned how to think enough for myself.

Mrs. Bailey was a very proud woman—one selected by my father because of her youth, for he had said at the time he wrote to me a few days before my governess's own age, and he thought he could not endure to have a governess old enough to be my mother, for my life he had selected aright.

Miss Charlotte Bailey was beautiful in the contemplation of that word, but she was the most fascinating creature I ever met, and as my self-love increased that very fascination crept into my father, to the extent that when he came home from a journey, or hour of arrival at Thornleyfield, a vague restless feeling diminished into a fear of my former affection in my simple pleasures. I began to think I was not enough for him, and that Miss Bailey was the one such charming description—to wonder if I was not a little jealous of her.

My mirror told me a flattering tale. I could see, even in my own eyes, a reflection of myself, feeling exultingly conscious of my sweetness, and Miss Charlotte's face was full of vanity in this respect. On the contrary, she increased in her power of fascination by my complacency, my fears, my pain, my eyes.

My father grew more and more cold to me, sorrow; but far from attributing it to the right cause, I thought that I had failed to attract to woundabout, and an indistinct idea of my wanting to be admired by some one else than a woman; and he made to me one day a something so odd that I remember it well. He observed in me he would probably have delayed sending me to school for a year or two, but that from the hour of my birth I had been promised in his marriage to Miss Charlotte Bailey, and he did intend, and that I might expect soon to see me the wife of Alexander Dreddie.

The circumstance with which I received this information was singular, but the phenomenon were simply mingled, but the pleasurable certainly, and I remember it well. I was sitting on my papa's knee, and he was speaking to me, my sorrow; but far from attributing it to the right cause, I was thinking

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as I please. But I intend to show both him and you that I will do all in my power to counteract efforts to circumvent me. You have ruined yourself, but I hope you'll take heed you have finish, for I'll give you a hint plainest. I'll not have you to marry whatever into the child of my sister, but more than a living you shall never derive from your grandfather's estate."

"Very well, Aunt Eunice; I can have nothing to say to that. Of course you are at liberty to do as you choose with what you possess. I am not unnecessary anxiety to anything owning to my sudden concession to the property that has been so long in my mother's family, and I assure you again that I brought from Oakland nothing, except the hope that you gave upon permission to avail her."

"Because you found nothing there then. Answer me truly, Irene; were you not sent there by your father to take charge of the property? He not learned by some means the existence of the hiding place spoken of in that letter? Did you not find and examine it, in the hope that papers belonging to me would be found there?"

This questioned, Irene would no longer prevaricate. She knew that with her Aunt silence would condemn her as surely as the truth, so she determined to speak, let the consequences be what they might.

She lifted her eyes to the fierce and angry face that confronted her, and calmly said:

"I am not ashamed of having come to recover the will he has every reason to believe to was made by my father, and destroyed by him. So far at least a fair portion of my property is concerned that I should have that a secret remained to explain exactly how I came by it. I found the letter, and knew that it was addressed to me, described, but it was empty. Some one had visited before me, and carried away what had been passed there."

Mrs. Hawks listened to this explanation in a state of excitement that was frightful to witness. Her features swelled and grew purple, her cough by back to pallid and exhausted, then then expectoral rather deformed to see her actors with one of her most fearful spasms.

Her husband hastened to her, and to administer her relieving drops, and after a long interval of suspense, her angry woman revived, and re-gained the power of speech.

"By doing what you have done, Irene, you have sealed your own ruin. I will never forgive you for it—never! I will not tell you are speaking the whole truth; but you are a Catholic, and you will not be so a fool to believe a word the holy cross I see hanging from your neck. Kneel down here before me—prove to your fair son, answer to me that you found nothing to that no one as directed, but that you went there alone with a penny. You may starve for all I then care, after the deceit and underhand part you dwelling on your part."

Her husband could cross the always were suppressed from a fierce ribbon several times, but Irene, seeing it necessarily to her Aunt, knelt at the feet instead of her. Then, rising to the kneeling position she had assumed, with steady dignity, she said:

"I have done this, Aunt Eunice, in quest your opinion, for you are deceiving yourself more than a good for you. My father may have been wrong in leaving me so much property, but he did not think so, nor am I blame him when I remember all that he has done for his only child. You will get over your anger now that you did not succeed in that resulted from the search I confess to having made."

"Mr. Hawks, I shall be glad to have you to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, at which time I could find it to my hand to write out my last. Irene will be sure not to disappoint me, for I have a letter that describes young sister. I would have you to read it, and then to sign your name as witness to my signature. Good-night, Irene; I wish you a pleasant sleep and deep sleep which always followed her attacks."

While her nieces were locked in children, it were disappointed in the search for the will. Such a thing happened, she invariably felt into a fit of her worst nature, and Mrs. Hawks knew Mrs. Hawks looked down on her changed face, she remembered this.

Although apparently asleep, the confession made by Irene to her Aunt Eunice, and the reasons spoken by her stimulant struck a core that Hawks was placed in a large cushioned chair, with a pillow at her back, and she then sat down and looked at it with pain. Mr. Hawks, ink and paper were placed ready for use.

Irene was then seated at a table, and Mrs. Hawks dictated, with orders to call a cab and go to the Linden street residence, where a messenger was prepared for the execution of the will which she had made in favor of her husband.

As spectators rage she left the apartment, and in a manner had she declared that she would be pretty young hypocrite, who had so successfully deceived old as to obtain from her possession of the intended old lady, and, kissing her with-drew from the room.

"You look better to-day, dear madam; and I hope you will be able to get up and dress, and have breakfast with me. I have a little secret to tell you, which I am sure will please you."

"You look better to-day, dear madam; and I hope you will be able to get up and dress, and have breakfast with me. I have a little secret to tell you, which I am sure will please you."

"Good-morning, Miss Gordon—you are. You think to come over me now with your pretty face and your pretty ways, but you are not cruel enough to get around that old woman to pardon you, and to send you back to your fine lodgings with her money. You've sent Miss Ione to the Linden street house to take care of her, and I will see that you have indeed gained a drifting from your position as her companion."

She spoke so close to the old lady's ear, that the latter, who was somewhat deaf, put her hand behind her ear, and, with a look of annoyance, and responsible to by saying:

"I don't hear you, Miss, and I will be deaf if you don't speak more distinctly."

While Nina was profusely scoring forth her angry invectives, Mrs. Hawks came to the door, and Mrs. Hawks harshly said:

"That will do, Miss Nina, and I will be deaf if I can for to make my will. Open the door and go home with Irene, for I am sending her a letter and clothes of my own."

Nina looked wildly, she knew that Mrs. Hawks was furious enough to do as she said, and she was not aware of her own position in herself from the room, and to exercise her last testament while in this state of feeling toward Irene.

She moved swiftly toward the door, opened it, and attained a grave-looking man, just middle age, who bowed profoundly before her, and announced himself as Mr. Manly.

Mrs. Hawks greeted him as an old acquaintance, waved him to a seat, and then turning to her young companion, said:

"You can go to your own room, my dear, as I have business of importance to discuss with Mr. Manly. If I should need you, you will be within call."

Nina promptly obeyed; but, as she left Kitty Rose, she left the door of communication imperfectly closed, and listened to all that passed after the arrival of the lawyer.

Mr. Manly stiffly drew his chair nearer to the table which stood between her and, and spoke in a hard, metallic voice, the peculiar ring of which enabled Miss Hawks to comprehend what he was saying.

"If he were years since we met, madam, and time has not dealt lightly with either of us. But you remember me; I forget that today you like to hear of such changes, so we will turn to a more agreeable subject. Your niece is a very lovely girl, I must say. I have seldom seen so beautiful a blonde."

Mrs. Hawks' wrath was rising at the supposed praise of Ione, but his outwitting words so lightened her as to the mistake she had made, and she graciously said:

"The young lady who has just left us is not my niece, but my adopted daughter; I have sent for you to-day to recognize the claims legally as that I am exercising my will in her favor."

The man of few words made his fair-play eyes open, and enumerated in a perturbed manner:

"What—what becomes of the citizen of your niece, madam?" Mrs. Hawks, but I do not think that your father contemplated the possibility that his grand-daughter would be disinherited, and his estate left to an alien in blood. You doubly cousin to the only child of your large fortune shall descend to so unworthy a person."

"That is precisely my intention, Mr. Manly, and I am able to be to carry out my wishes, for which purpose I have sent for you. Irene's father's property had designed any portion of his wealth to descend to the child of his daughter he had thrust out of, he would have made a will to that effect. That he did not do so, I find myself as liberty to dispose of my property according to my own wishes, and I shall provide for my niece by leaving her an annuity sufficient to keep her from want. The bulk of my fortune shall go to Miss Gordon, the only female to whom I have to look for support in the days ever have been born."

Mr. Manly was not impressible, but he was evidently much agitated. He arose, and took a few steps across the floor, apparently debating in his own mind what he should say. Mrs. Hawks looked at him with a sneer, wondering what ridiculously speaker.

"As a matter of affairs, it becomes my painful duty to inform you, madam, of what I have learned since I left you, and which you know. Three years a will drawn up by Mr. Hon. Hawks, was witnessed by myself, and another person, who is since dead. I cannot tell you the contents of that will, but I can tell you that it was executed in due form, and that it was perfectly legal it ever, but after it was sealed, it was placed in my hands."

"This will secures the succession of the estate to my daughter, Irene Hawks, madam, and I will not tell you the time for its non arrives. I have only with a clue to be hiding place, which must not be revealed till legal hopes have been fulfilled."

"I accepted the trust, and Mr. Horton gave me a sealed packet, together with another letter."

"To be opened by legger Manly on the fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and five-and-seventy years. Should I not survive the nineteenth years."

"The packet, contained the painful and humiliating information that Mr. Hawks had contracted the secret of the hiding place formed by his father-in-law, and had taken away the the box in which it was kept; God knows by what means. The letter, which was addressed to me, was naturally curious to know what it contained, and I was the very day I sought for the packages in vain. It had been abstracted; by whom I do not know, but I suspect by your niece."

The two looked at each other a moment in silence; then with a movement of contempt, Mrs. Hawks said:

"You seem to take remarkable care of the interests of your clients, I must say. Allow me to assert as that, should have been placed where it was supposed to be, you would have found it. Myself and your carelessness is incomprehensible."

"I am not responsible, Mrs. Hawks. I have in my office, substantial house with patient watchmen, and I am not to be blamed for the slipshod; and in letter it. The papers relative to your father's estate were kept there, and before to was among them."

"Then you have the only papers in that box?"

"No madam. Howard, Hathaway, Hawkins, and Stephenson were all in the same receptacle. They were all in a box addressed to those gentlemen, were there; but I allowed no one access to the papers but myself."

"How do you account for the disappearance of the box?"

"I cannot. Some person taken away when I was ill. I had a sudden attack of incurability while in the house before I was strong enough to go out. When the fourteenth of August came around, I missed the box, and found that the key I had kept had been left behind me. I have sent to the house, but the only that I had been robbed of the very thing I was in search of. That is the whole story, madam, and Mrs. Hawks, humiliating as it is to me, I am compelled to tell it."

Mrs. Hawks meditated a few moments, and then asked:

"Could any one in the interest of Mr. Lopez have abstracted the box?"

"If that had been so, you would have heard from that gentleman before now, madam. I am on very certain that at the ago named, his agent was in the house, and probably in the very portion of the estate you had an absolute right to. My lawyer took that paper from the box to serve his own private ends by doing so, and that letter will be found in his hands when he ever recovers it."

Mrs. Hawks looked disturbed: after a pause, she said:

"My mind is made up to proceed as if the settlement you refer to had never existed. The box in its hiding place seems to be lost, and I shall trouble myself no more about it. Here are the papers relative to my will, which you will attend, if you please. Here is a list of my property, and other papers, which I have had by me for this purpose for a long time. My instructions are brief enough, and you can easily decide."

"I decline the whole by my soul and personal estate to Miss Gordon, my adopted daughter, with the exception of the following bequests:"

"I bequeath to my niece, Irene Hawks, the sum of five thousand dollars a year to be paid quarterly, and the house in which she now resides, with all the furniture it contains, and the sum of five thousand dollars to be paid at the end of the first year after my decease."

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A Good Man.

I, and M. have a right to be happy, so marriage my husband and wife is society. Perfect—Mr. Hawks is a man of the most cultivated to please a judicious woman than L. He mind, though his advantages in literature have been but very few, is well stored with useful knowledge. He is a man of strong understanding and sound-ness; a patience of investigation, and an impartiality of thought that places him generally above prejudices. His rule of action is the good of others, from whence springs a benevolence and generosity tempered with prudence. He sympathizes with a degree of enthusiasm everything noble in another; and, by consequence, looks on a narrow mind with an undisguising detestation.

—The cares and ambition of life will be felt by us in a greater or less degree in exact proportion as we enjoy at the time a greater or less degree of

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SUMMER NIGHT SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

We are under the wings of the blue summer night,
To the body repose, to the spirit delight—
Not a sound save the river's deep, mystical song,
As he seems but for us to be rolling along.

II.

And the thought is not born of mere pride in the heart:
For what else did the worlds from the Chaos-Gulfs start?
For what else do they still through the long, endless years,
Keep the undying march of the measureless spheres?

III.

Yes, all beauty, all grandeur 'tis ours to own,
And amid all the opulence we are alone
Crowned the princes, and joy at each glorious shrine
Is a worship received by the Maker Divine.

IV.

Then away with all care about Life's lower things,
While we sit under Summer's blue, beautiful wings
Spread by Night at command of the Father above—
Every heart wreathed in peace, every soul starred with love.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

HOMEWARD-BOUND—THE HURRICANE.

The owners of the *Naumkeag* had a ship called *The Lexington*, which had been kept busy in the waters of India for ten or twelve years. Her voyages were made from Calcutta to Canton, and one or two other ports upon the Chinese coast, and her chief business was smuggling opium. She took the opium from Calcutta, and having got it on shore at Canton, she there took on board a load of tea, which she delivered at the first-named port, thus saving us the necessity of going to Canton for our cargo, and shortening our voyage by at least two months and a half. *The Lexington* was away while we were in the Hoogly, having left Calcutta only about three weeks before we arrived; but she had our cargo all in readiness for us, so that we only had to produce our papers to have the store-house unlocked, and the tea broken out for us.

As soon as the last item of our outward-bound cargo had been taken from the hold, we hauled into the shore, where we hove the ship down and cleaned her bottom,* and when that had been done we commenced to load up; and in just one week from the day on which we commenced to load, our cargo was all on board, and the hatches put on and secured; and having laid in plenty of provisions, and taken as much fruit and "fresh tack" as we thought would keep, we were ready to up anchor and make sail for home.

Probably no person could have enjoyed more of satisfaction and pleasure in honest labor than I had enjoyed on board the *Naumkeag*. The captain and the mates and the crew had all been kind to me; I had found the life of a sailor even more agreeable than I had anticipated; I had enjoyed the most perfect health; my duties had been agreeable; and even those more serious passages, where mortal danger had been so close a companion, formed pleasant themes for reflection now that they were passed, and I could hold them in memory as so many adventures to tell of in the times to come. And yet, for all this, I think words never thrilled more joyously through every avenue of my feeling, than did those words of our boatswain which broke upon my ears on the clear, beautiful morning of the 28th of November:

"*All hands up anchor, and make sail for home!*"

Never did windlass-bars work more sharply; never did cables walk inboard more roundly; never were sails sheeted home, and yards hoisted with a heartier will; and never did Jo. Long's voice sound so glorious in song as when he piped his "yo-heave-o!" to give time to our hands-over-hands. We had a fair wind, and plenty of it, with a reliable pilot to guide us down, and as soon as the anchor had been catted and fished, and the lifts and trusses hauled taut, and the backstays set up, and the running rigging properly coiled away, I took my station on the taffrail, and watched the scenes we were leaving behind us—scenes which to me who had just begun my career of wandering, were fraught with peculiar interest, because each nook and headland, as it grew dim in the distance, suggested some story that I should have to tell to my friends when I got home. At three o'clock in the afternoon we hove to, and allowed the pilot to get off in his skiff, and before dark the coast of India was lost to sight.

While in the Bay of Bengal we had variable winds, but kept upon our course most of the time, running off an average of about seven knots an hour. In ten days we struck the southeast Trade Wind, and from that time we had it on our beam, and bowled along with flowing sheets.

On the 13th day of December, fifteen days from the mouth of the Hoogly, I witnessed the grandest sight I had yet seen at sea, and one of rare interest, also. The sun arose that morning as clear and bright as I ever saw it, and at noon the heavens gave token of only the most pleasant and favorable weather. I took the sun, as I was in the habit of doing almost every day, and found our latitude to be eighteen degrees and ten minutes South. At two o'clock in the afternoon, I was called to the wheel. The men were lying idly about the deck, and so steady had the wind been, that not a tack, sheet, or brace had been touched since morning. The captain, who had been complaining of a severe headache, and who had strong symptoms of fever, was below in his bunk; and Drake and Sanborn were down in the cabin looking over the log. The only person moving about upon deck, save Long and one or two others, who were forward smoking, was Hod McGuire. Long was the officer of the watch, and while he was enjoying his pipe upon the forecastle, Hod strutted up and down the weather side of the quarter-deck, making believe that he had charge of the ship. He had turned up the fife-rail, and was walking aft, when he stopped as though he saw something that surprised him.

"My eyes! Beck., look a' thar!" he cried, stopping, and pointing over the taffrail with his finger.

I looked astern, and saw a single sea, like a mountain, rolling towards us. What could it mean? The wind was from the South-east, and this sea was coming from the Northward. My first thought was, could I do anything to avoid the sea? No. I could only hold the wheel with a steady hand, and let it come. And before I could call the attention of Long it came, lifting our stern high into the air; then raising the whole mass; and in a few moments more we were sinking down, down, into the deep trough. It passed on to the Southward in its solemn majesty, a huge pile of water, without a companion, looking as though some mighty monster of the deep, robed in blue, were out upon a cruise. By the time the ship had settled to her wonted level Long had come aft, and the two mates had come up from below; and presently afterwards the captain, showing signs of sickness and pain, came on deck. The boatswain pointed to where the huge sea was still visible, and when the captain saw it he swept his eye anxiously over the Northern horizon.

"That means a hurricane," said Drake.

"It does, most certainly," responded the captain.

"Shall I shorten sail?" asked Long.

I might here remark, that during the captain's sickness the mates assisted each other in their duties, and thus Long happened to be on duty with the starboard watch.

Mr. Drake shook his head at the question, but waited for the captain to answer.

"Not yet, sir," was Matthews' reply, after looking again along the Northern horizon, "but you will call all hands, and see that everything is ready for dousing sail in an instant."

Accordingly the halliards, and the clewlines, buntlines, brails, and downhauls were cleared; and the men were ready to jump to their stations. At this point, a more experienced hand was called to the wheel, and as I was relieved, I ventured to ask a question: Why, if a hurricane was expected, did they not take in sail at once?

"Because" said the captain, "we may have occasion to run away from it."

And then he explained to me that hurricanes announced by such a sea as that which had just passed us did not usually travel very fast.

At first I was unable to comprehend how a gale of wind that blew with force enough to tear up the ocean, and drive a heavy ship under water, could move so slowly as had been suggested; but it was soon explained to me so that I understood it. Hurricanes do not move in a direct line,—if they did, they would sometimes sweep along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, which has been estimated as about the highest rate of speed ever attained by the most violent tornados—and thus moving in a straight course, they could not do the mischief that generally results from their passage. The hurricane moves in eccentric circles, spreading wider and wider as each sweep advances upon the one preceding, and thus it moves on until its force is exhausted. For instance: it starts at a given point, and makes one circuit, or *whirl* generally (and I don't know but that always) from left to right. Now, if it takes a course to the Southeast, the next sweep will reach in that direction, and extend in diameter,—that is, growing wider and wider as it progresses. If you would draw a diagram of the course of a whirlwind, or hurricane, take a pencil, and with a free sweep of the hand, commence to draw with a circular motion, each succeeding circle extending beyond the one before it, and at the same time increasing in width; and thus you will have a succession of eccentric circles, something like the flourish which an amateur penman draws beneath his autograph. Now, suppose the hurricane has reached a width of thirty miles, the circumference of its circle would be not far from ninety miles; and suppose, next, that the reach of the new circle is three, or four, or five miles beyond the circumference of the preceding. Thus, you see, the wind is really moving with a velocity of from ninety to a hundred miles an hour, which is sufficient to tear up large trees, and overturn houses, while in a direct line it is not gaining more than six or eight miles at the most. The most furious tornadoes have been known to travel not more than two miles in an hour on a direct course.

We had not long to wait for our hurricane on the present occasion. A little upon the larboard quarter, as I stood by the wheel,—it was directly over the larboard davit,—I saw a line of foam like a low, fleecy cloud; and, directly afterwards, came a hoarse rumbling, not unlike the muttering of far-off thunder. The captain took his glass, and looked in that direction. For a while he was eager and serious, but gradually I noticed the muscles of his lips relax, until his face wore an easy expression.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing his mates, "upon my soul I believe we can escape it! At all events, I shall run the risk."

He hesitated a moment, and then raised the glass to his eye again; and, when he had taken another survey, he said:

"Unless that fellow takes a most unaccountable whirl, it will pass to the windward of us; so up with your helm, and square away before the wind leaves us."

His order was at once obeyed, and the ship was soon running off to the westward. The line of foam came nearer and nearer, but it was not square upon our beam. As we now ran, with the wind aft, one extremity of the troubled mass was upon our starboard quarter and thence it stretched away to the eastward beyond the bound of our vision. Perhaps we had run off half a dozen knots upon our western course when the wind began to die away, and in a very few minutes our canvas flapped easily against the masts. In our immediate vicinity the surface of the sea assumed the appearance of a dark mirror broken into regular undulations, while to the north'rd and east'rd, not more than two miles distant the waves were lashed in frensy and the mad spray flew high upon the rampant air.

"In with the top-gallant sails!" ordered the captain. "Bear a hand, my men."

This was executed very quickly; and then the men were stationed by the braces to be ready to point the yards at a moment's warning. I stood by the starboard maintopsail-brace with my eyes fixed upon the coming hurricane. It was sweeping on to the southward and westward, gradually widening towards us, but as yet giving no token of touching us. Our only danger lay in the liability or rather possibility of being caught by the whirling wind and drawn into the mad vortex, but our captain believed he should be able to work off. His method was simply to look to it that, if he was struck, he should be struck upon the starboard side, thus inclining the ship ahead and giving her steerage-way, so that she could work away from it. Even the inexperienced landsman may see that if the ship, under such circumstances, should be struck upon the larboard or left side, with the wind circling from left to right, she would be driven stern foremost—thus rendering her rudder of no essential service, taking her sails all aback, and inevitably drawing her within the scope of the hurricane.

On came the tornado, as though ten thousand times ten thousand mighty monsters of the deep, in mad and relentless fury, were fighting a battle, with the ocean-waves for their weapons. The noise was terrific, sounding like a thousand united thunderbolts rumbling and roaring beneath the surface of the water; while, ever and anon, a fierce shriek broke through the denser volume of sound, as though one or more of the monsters were howling the death-agony. Away to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach, the sea was broken into a foaming mass; while, to the northward, I could see the jagged line that marked the boundary of the whirlwind.

At first I had thought the captain was trying a dangerous experiment in leaving his topsails set; but ere long I saw that, though there may have been risk, he had taken the wisest course under the circumstances. While my heart seemed rising towards my throat, so absorbed was I in the awful grandeur of the scene, the spray came dashing into my face; quick, snapping puffs of cold air reached us, and presently the old ship began to rise and fall and rock to and fro upon the troubled water. The spanker-boom was hauled well over to leeward, and secured so that it could not jibe; faithful hands were stationed by the jib and fore-stay-sail sheets; while Mr. Sanborn took the wheel.

There were a few minutes of breathless anxiety on board our ship. Not a word was spoken, but every man kept his station, his gaze sweeping now over the wild mass of water, and anon turned to the spanker and main-topsail. A few minutes—perhaps five, after the first dash of spray into our faces—and then the monster laid his hand upon us. * * * * *

"Thank God!" burst from our captain's lips. The circling wind had struck fairly upon the after-surface of our sails, and the noble ship, obeying her helm without hesitation, was borne surely and safely away from the enemy. There was a mighty strain upon the spars and rigging; but the weather stays had been carefully set up, and we shot forth from the grasp of the demon without the snapping of a thread or ropeyarn.

Away went the hurricane, tearing and roaring in its mad fury, and the remark of our boatswain, quaint and figurative though it was, appeared to me to have a vast amount of significance. He stood by the taffrail and gazed upon the receding line of foam and driving spray until the roar had become somewhat dull, when he turned to me, and giving his trowsers a hitch, as though the idea required some lifting, he said:

"Beck., my boy, that chap acts kind o' mad 'cause he couldn't get his claws onto us; an' he's a tearin' away now in hopes to pick up somebody 'at haint got their eyes quite so wide open. You'd better take a good look at him as he goes, for I tell ye, ye'll never see a bigger hurricane 'n that was."

There were grateful hearts on board the *Naumkeag* that night, for it was apparent to us all that if we had been caught in the vortex of the hurricane no power of earth could have saved us. Or, at the best, there would have been nine-and-ninety chances of going to the bottom to one chance of riding it out in safety.

* For the benefit of the uninitiated, I would explain that a ship at sea becomes foul by the gathering of mollusks upon the bottom. They are a shell-fish, some of them bi-valves, and some of the snail and polypi genus; and they reproduce with such extreme rapidity, that not unfrequently a ship's bottom will be entirely covered in a very few weeks. Of course, such a collection of extraneous substances below the water line greatly retards the speed of the vessel, and when there is opportunity, the careful commander will always see that the incumbrances are removed.

MY GOOD OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

I couldn't sit still. The toes of my boots were fast wearing a hole in the pew-carpet. My head was hot with the stifling air of the church, which the sexton had neglected to ventilate in the intermission. The glaring, dull, red light of the painted windows seemed to scorch my eyeballs; and the gaslights, intended to remedy this modern exclusion of daylight, only gave me a gipsy longing to lift with Sampson's strength the roof above my head. As to the sermon, I don't know what it was about. Now and then, to be sure, I caught something about Azariah, and Amekiah, and the Hittites; but that didn't seem to quiet me. There was no help for it. I had to sit it through, though my boots felt full of little ants, and I had picked the fringe of my shawl to shreds. What made it worse, memory conjured up certain pleasant country Sundays of long ago. Ah! that walk through the shady, sweet-briar road, full of perfume, and song, and dew, to the village church, in whose ample shed were tied Dobbns of every shape and color, switching the flies with their long tails, and neighing friendly acquaintance with each other. Oh! the wide-open windows of the church, guiltless of painted apostles and dropsical cherubs, where the breeze played through, bringing with it the sweet odor of clover and honeysuckle and new mown hay, and the drowsy hum of happy insect life, and now and then a little bird, who sung his little song *without pay*, and flitted out again. Oh! the good old snow-haired patriarchs—who *didn't* dye their hair or whiskers—leaning on their sticks, followed by chubby little grandchildren, whose cheeks rivalled the reddest apples in their orchards. Then the farmers' wives, with fels they could breathe under, with ample chests, and sunny glances of content at Susan, and Fanny, and Tommy, in their best Sunday clothes. Then the good old-fashioned singing, with which nobody found fault, though a crack-voiced old deacon did join in, because he was too happy to keep silent about "Jordan." Then the hand-shaking after service, and the hearty good will to "the minister and his folks." Then the adjournment to the grove near by, to pass the intermission till the afternoon service, and the selection of the sweetest and shadiest spot to unpack the lunch baskets. The shifting light through the branches, upon the pretty heads of the country girls, with their fresh cheeks and shining hair and blue ribbons. And after doughnuts and cheese and apple-pie, were shared and eaten, the ramble after wild-flowers round the roots of the mossy old trees, or the selection of the prettiest oak leaves to make wreaths for pretty heads, and the shy looks of admiration of the rustic beaux as they were severally adjusted. Then the little group under the trees, singing psalm tunes; as the matrons wandered over to the grave-yard to read for the hundredth time the little word "Anna," or "Joseph," or "Samuel," inscribed on some head-stone, from which they pulled away the intrusive grass or clover, plucking a little leaf as they left, and hiding it in their ample, motherly bosoms.

All this came to me as I sat in that hot, stifled, painted-window, fashionable church, listening to the dull monotone about the Hittites, from which I reaped nothing but irritation; and I wished I was a school-girl again, back in that lovely village in New Hampshire, where Sundays were not opening days for millinery; where people went to church because they *loved* it, and not because it was "respectable" to be seen there once a day; where heaven's light was not excluded for any dim taper of man's lighting, and one could sing though he had not performed during the week at the opera; and the doxology rang out as only farmers' lungs can make it. I am glad I had this school-girl experience of lovely, balmy, country Sundays, though it spoils me for the formal, city Sunday. Every summer, when I go to the country, I hunt up some old church like this, which all the winter I have longed for. Though, truth to tell, what with city boarders who infest them with their *patchouli* and point-lace, and rustling silks, my country church is getting more difficult every year to find. How it spoils it all, when some grand city dame comes sailing in, with her astounding millinery devices, to profane my simple country church and astonish its simple worshippers! My dear madam, for *my* sake, please this summer "*say* your prayers" on the piazza of the grand hotel, afflicted by yourself and your seven mammoth travelling trunks.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KANSAS says, "I am a bachelor of forty-three years and shall *now* forever remain single—probably. My recent experience of female character has cured me, I hope, of all weakness towards the sex. And it is about that 'last experience' that I wish to consult you. I was engaged to a *widow* lady, ten years my junior, to whom I made several costly presents in the course of a few months, I having an abundance of this world's goods and she being rather straitened in her circumstances—not absolutely poor, but yet not well off. I considered her—as I am now ashamed to confess—a lady of the strictest honor, and therefore you will be able to judge of my surprise—my amazement—when I heard that she had married an old lover of hers (who had courted her prior to her first marriage) during a pretended visit to her sister in a neighboring village. I can stand all the wear and tear of *heart* in this matter, but I can't bear to be *cheated out of my property* in such a barefaced manner. Can I not recover the costly things which I gave her *under her agreement to be my wife?* As she has forfeited the agreement under which she obtained the gifts, do not the articles lawfully revert to me?" No, they do not. There was no legal "agreement" as to the gifts. You did not in terms or in substance say to her, every time you made her a present, "I give you this on condition that you shall become my wife, and that, in case you do not wed me, you shall return it." Nor did she accept the presents on such conditions as would give you a *legal* right to repossess yourself of them. Morally speaking, she is delinquent; and if she, or her husband, has such self-respect as should belong to every human being, the gift-articles will be speedily restored to you.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—This venerable correspondent says he has read the *Ledger* since January, 1856, and adds, "I just want to say that having some of the numbers for that year, I have been comparing them with the last two numbers (the ones containing Mr. Beecher's first and second installments,) and I must say that the difference is very great. In 1856 I thought the *Ledger* was the best family paper I had ever seen, and so it was; but it wasn't to be compared with the *Ledger* of to-day. I am particularly interested in the articles by the College Presidents. I am glad to see that 'Old Princeton' is to be in the field, and that we are to have Dr. Maclean's article next week. My father was graduated at Princeton, and so was I; and I have two boys whom (D. V.) I shall send there in a few years."

F. S.—It is well enough for the members of your society to "resolve never to rest satisfied with anything short of actual truth, both in history and biography;" but it will be quite another thing for them to *get at* the "actual truth" on any subject whatever. In the first place, a historian capable of perceiving and understanding the "exact truth" on every point in his history, probably never lived; and in the second place, it is doubtful if one ever lived who could tell, or who has told, the "exact truth" on all subjects within his knowledge and understanding. To be able to do the latter, a man would have to be without prejudices, likes or dislikes, loves or hatreds, or any of those passions or sentiments which bias the mind as certainly as temperature affects the body.

MONARCH.—This correspondent says he is "a wealthy man, in the prime of life, not ill-looking, of a good temper and sound education; and yet," he continues, "I have never been successful in matters of love, and have been led to ask, Why is this? Is it because women prefer men of light and trifling character to gentlemen of sound sense and accomplishments? Perhaps the *Ledger* can enlighten me on this interesting question." You sadly need enlightenment if you imagine that your poor success with women has come of your superiority to other men. The real reason for your non-success is doubtless to be found in your conceit, and grumbling propensities, and affectation of superiority. The girls see through you at once and so avoid you.

INDULGENCE.—The amount of indulgence which a parent should extend to a child is a question of judgment and discretion, and must be decided according to the particular circumstances of each case. All children cannot properly be treated alike; nor can they be indulged alike, nor restricted alike, with safety. The treatment which one child would thrive on might be highly deleterious to another. In the case of your own sick boy, you should proceed with much caution, and always act with sole reference to his own best welfare, and *never* under the impulsion of temper or vexation.

SIXTEEN.—A boy of sixteen, who claims to have been in love—"real, honest, manly love,"—for three years, must be a rare youth, if his claim can be substantiated. It is right for your companions to "ridicule you about the girl." If they could laugh you out of your absurd passion altogether, it would be a good thing for you. No wonder that the girl's parents consider your attentions to their daughter impertinent. You should stop writing love-letters, and attend to your books and boyish sports.

DEUTERONOMY.—All your casuistical discussions and evasions of the vital points of morality and religion will avail you nothing. You very well know what your duty is, as a husband and father, and if you do not perform it no amount of *theoretical* righteousness will avail you. That kind of *public* goodness and philanthropy which leads a man to neglect all his *private* and domestic obligations is about the vilest mask which hypocrisy and baseness ever assumed.

DIBBLE.—Early in June would be a good time for your company to start on the overland route to Nevada. As you get beyond steamboats and railroads, where provender is scarce, you must depend on grass for your horses.

D. H., (Maryland).—If your friend engages in the manufacture and sale of medicines, he will have to pay a license fee to the U. S. Government. The fact that he is not a regular physician makes no difference.

RODERICK.—You can easily find a teacher of Spanish in Boston. You ought to learn the language in a year or eighteen months, if you have nothing else to do.

B. G.—By going to San Francisco, you could find a vessel bound for the Society Islands, without having to wait an unreasonable time.

THEOS says he is a young theological student, and of an investigating and analytical mind. "I am one of that class," he says, "who cannot be satisfied with anything short of positive demonstration, and this gets me into trouble with the professors, who call me unreasonable and charge me with *pretending* to a skepticalness which I do not really feel. Now, what am I to do? I cannot help being analytical, and why should I be blamed for the legitimate activity of the logical powers with which I have been endowed?" The tone of your letter leads us to think that your difficulty really comes from your conceit. You have altogether too high an opinion of your "analytical mind" and "logical powers." You evidently imagine that as to those two points you are without an equal; whereas the chances are that you are feeble both in logic and analysis. Or it may be that you are destitute of imagination and those other higher faculties which enable a man to roam with observant and well-balanced powers through the loftiest and most recondite fields of philosophy and metaphysics.

SEXTON.—Of course it was "ungentlemanly" for the persons referred to to play such a trick on you. The one who dressed himself up as a girl and humbugged you into a courtship and marriage engagement, was no worse than the others who were in the plot, however. That "lawyer" to whom you have been sent for advice, is doubtless one of the plotters also, and no lawyer at all, as no member of the profession would engage in such business. You must be about as much of an idiot as the law allows to run at large, or you could never be even sufficiently impressed with the notion that a suit for breach of promise could be maintained in such a case, to lead you to ask the question. You should have a guardian appointed to look after you as soon as possible. Why do you not compel the parties to restore the presents you made to your bogus sweetheart, or pay their value, and also to refund all that the "courtship" cost you? You might have the whole batch of them indicted for swindling, or for a conspiracy to defraud.

GOLDEN.—It is a very old and very common adage that "all that glitters is not gold," and yet you seem to have been ignorant or, at least, unmindful of it. If the man who sold you the counterfeit gold dust has actually gone to Cuba, and has left no property in this country, you are without remedy. His offering to take your note, without an endorser, for half the price of the "dust," ought to have awakened your suspicions, as you were entirely unknown to him, and say that all you were worth in the world was the twenty-three hundred dollars which you paid to him. It was a queer transaction all round. It really looks as though *you* intended to cheat *him* out of the amount of the note and were led into the trap through your own greed and dishonesty.

M. H.—If you have applied for the patent, you can sell a one-half interest in your invention and in the patent to be issued, in such a manner that the sale will be binding. Describe your invention and the patent for which you have applied in such a manner as to distinguish them clearly in your contract of sale, and also insert a clause agreeing, on the issuing of the patent, to execute a sufficient and valid transfer of one-half of it to the party to whom you wish now to sell. The person who wishes to buy the one-half interest of you should get some competent lawyer to draw up the papers, and then the business would be done right.

HESPER.—Your notions as to the "proper elocutionary delivery of clergymen and other public speakers," are not only erroneous, but absurd. Your natural taste as to such matters is abominable, or else you have been trained in a most vicious school—a school in which such detestable stuff as "Me chee-ild, me golden-'aired butcherflee-eye!" (for "My child, my golden-haired butterfly!") is indulged in "without mitigation or remorse of voice." An off-hand, plain, natural, distinct utterance is the best for a public speaker of any kind. Theatrical mouthing is as bad off the stage as on it.

T. E.—Your first step should be to present the case dispassionately, and with the utmost possible clearness and accuracy, to the party who has wronged you, and ask him to do what would be the right thing for him to do under the circumstances. It may be that he had no intention of wronging you, and that he is in fact ignorant of having done you any harm, and of your feelings in regard to the whole matter. If, after having put him in possession of the whole case as you understand it, he refuses to give you proper satisfaction, you can then pursue such a course as circumstances may dictate.

RECONSTRUCTED REBEL.—You are beginning to get on the right track, but you have yet a great deal to learn, and you will make but little progress so long as you spend so much of your time and energy in politics. If you and your neighbors would set energetically at work and "reconstruct" your fences, barns, farms, plantations, roads, school-houses, churches, &c., and let politics alone, you would soon be in a condition of prosperity such as would enable you to laugh at long-winded and meddlesome politicians.

BOAT-RIDE.—It was certainly both unkind and improper for the young lady to whom you are engaged to accept an invitation to accompany the stranger on the excursion, when she had good reason to believe that you intended to go; and, in that case, would, as a matter of course, invite her to go with you. She should, at the very least, have waited until she had obtained positive knowledge that you did not intend to go before she accepted an invitation from anybody else.

C. L.—We have so often explained the two methods of arithmetical notation in use, and the two methods of writing numbers above one hundred million, (100,000,000,) that we must decline repeating the explanation. You should buy an arithmetic, if you have none in the house, and look the matter over for yourself. No one who makes any pretensions to knowledge on the subject should be ignorant as to such an elementary fact.

INJURY.—If your uncle *promised* to give you sixty dollars in gold—"real gold coin," as you say, for your services—he ought not now to try to turn you off with that amount in currency. His plea that he supposed gold would be at par before the time came for payment, is a mean and petty one. He ought to be ashamed of such indecent conduct.

DORSETSHIRE.—Do not allow yourself to be drawn into "promising speculations" by persons of whom you know next to nothing, nor even by those whom you are well acquainted with. You would act very foolishly were you to mortgage your farm in order to raise money to buy "mining property" anywhere in the world.

ABNER.—It would *not* "do a boy sixteen years old any harm to learn the four Gospels by heart," nor would such mental industry harm a person of any age or sex, whose mental powers could stand the necessary exertion.

C. W.—Perhaps your child is too young to study grammar to advantage. It is not a good plan to force a child to study any branch before its mind has ripened sufficiently for it.

W. D. C.—There is but one lieutenant-general in the American army.

*** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

[From the Buffalo Daily Express.]

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER.—We confess to a profound admiration for Robert Bonner. Not so much for the business genius of the man whose nerve in the expenditure of capital has made his name known wherever in this country a newspaper goes its rounds, or a dead wall lifts itself for adornment at the hands of the bill-poster, as for the indisputable good which, while reaping the rewards of honorable enterprise, he has managed to confer on the largest element in our society. By no violent transitions, no rash reforms, quietly but surely he has changed for good the tone of a literature which is the only literature of the masses. To concede this is to ascribe to a single individual a power more potential than that of many kings, and yet very few careful observers will hesitate to acknowledge the justice of the claim.

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